# McClure's Magazine.

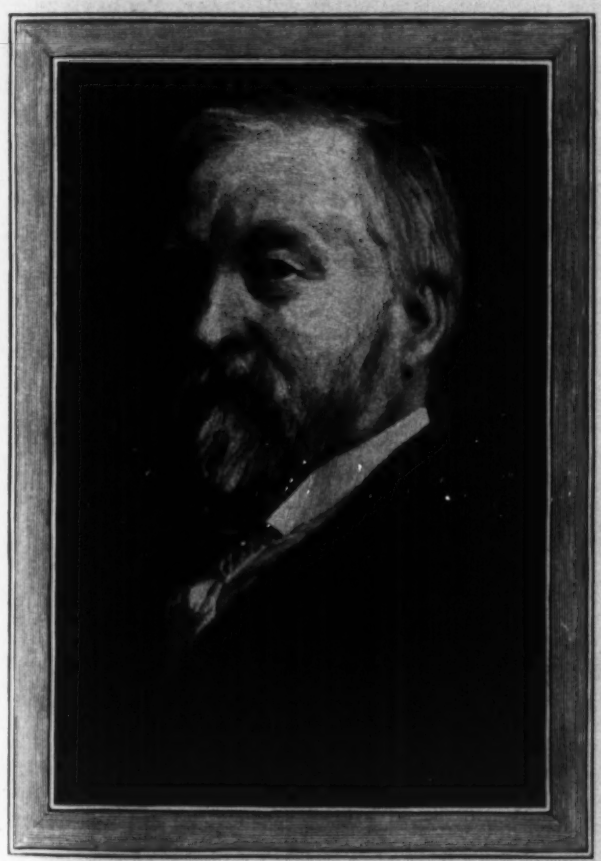
Vol. IX. JUNE, 1897. No. 2.


## THE "FLYING-MACHINE."


By Professor S. P. Langley.


*With illustrations made directly from Professor Langley's machine and approved by him.*

I HAVE been asked to prepare an account of some experiments I have conducted with flying-machines, built chiefly of steel, driven by steam-engines, and which have actually flown for considerable distances. There is in preparation a description of this work for the professional reader; but in view of the great general interest in it, and of the numerous unauthorized statements about it, it has seemed well to write provisionally the informal and popular account which is now given. The work has occupied so much of my life that I have presented what I have to say at present in narrative form.



PROFESSOR S. P. LANGLEY.
From the painting by Robert Gordon Hardie, 1893.

By "flying-machine" is here meant something much heavier than the air, and entirely different in principle from the balloon, which floats only on account of its lightness, as a ship in water. Nature has made her flying-machine in the bird, which is nearly a thousand times as heavy as the air its bulk displaces, and only those who have tried to rival it know how inimitable her work is, for the "way of a bird in the air" remains as wonderful to us as it was to Solomon, and the sight of the bird has constantly held this wonder before men's eyes and in some men's minds, and kept the flame of hope from utter extinction, in spite of long disappointment. I well remember how, as a child, when lying in a New England pasture, I watched a hawk soaring far up in the blue, and sailing for a long time without any motion of its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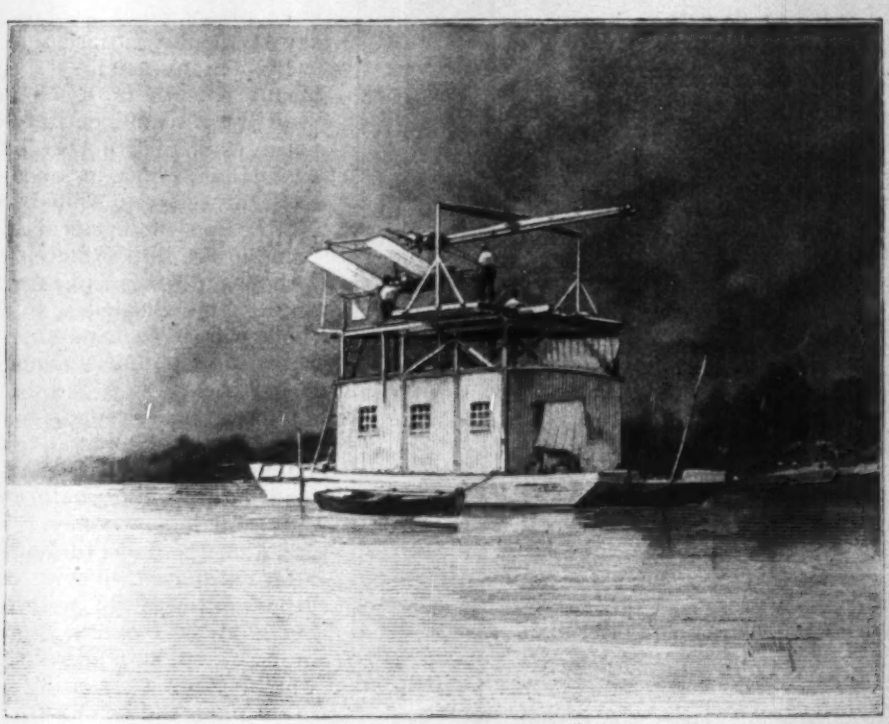
wings, as though it needed no work to sustain it, but was kept up there by some miracle. But, however sustained, I saw it sweep, in a few seconds of its leisurely flight, over a distance that to me was encumbered with every sort of obstacle, which did not exist for it. The wall over which I had climbed when I left the road, the ravine I had crossed, the patch of undergrowth through which I had pushed my way—all these were nothing to the bird, and while the road had only taken me in one direction, the bird's level highway led everywhere, and opened the way into every nook and corner of the landscape. How wonderfully easy, too, was its flight! There was not a flutter of its pinions as it swept over the field, in a motion which seemed as effortless as that of its shadow.

After many years and in mature life, I was brought to think of these things again, and to ask myself whether the problem of artificial flight was as hopeless and as absurd as it was then thought to be. Nature had solved it, and why not man? Perhaps it was because he had begun at the wrong end, and attempted to construct machines to fly before knowing the principles on which flight rested. I turned for these principles to my books, and got no help. Sir Isaac Newton had indicated a rule for finding the resistance to advance through the air, which seemed, if correct, to call for enormous mechanical power, and a distinguished French mathematician had given a formula showing how rapidly the power must increase with the velocity of flight, and according to which a swallow, to attain a speed it is now known to reach, must be possessed of the strength of a man.

Remembering the effortless flight of the soaring bird, it seemed that the first thing to do was to discard rules which led to such results, and to commence new experiments, not to build a flying-machine at once, but to find the principles upon which one should be built; to find, for instance, with certainty by direct trial how much horse-power was needed to sustain a surface of given weight by means of its motion through the air.

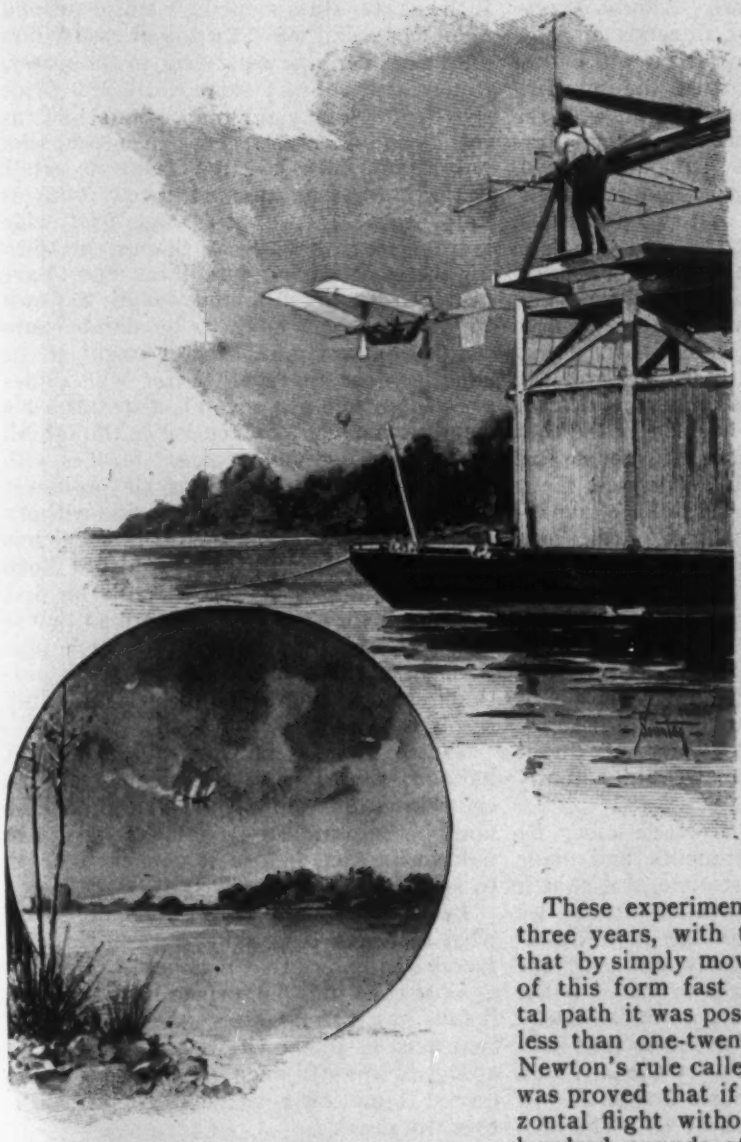
Having decided to look for myself at these questions, and at first hand, the apparatus for this preliminary investigation was installed at Allegheny, Pennsylvania, about ten years ago. It consisted of a "whirling table" of unprecedented size, mounted in the open air, and driven round by a steam-engine, so that the end of its revolving arm swept through a circumfer-



PREPARING TO LAUNCH THE AËRODROME. SEE PAGE 656.

From a photograph by A. Graham Bell, Esq.

ence of two hundred feet, at all speeds up to seventy miles an hour. At the end of this arm was placed the apparatus to be tested, and, among other things, this included surfaces disposed like wings, which were hung from the end of the arm and



THE AËRODROME IN FLIGHT, MAY 6, 1896. TWO VIEWS FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY A. GRAHAM BELL, ESQ. SEE PAGE 659.

dragged through the air, till its resistance supported them as a kite is supported by the wind. One of the first things observed was that if it took a certain strain to sustain a properly disposed weight while it was stationary in the air, then not only to suspend it but to advance it rapidly at the same time, took less strain than in the first case. A plate of brass weighing one pound, for instance, was hung from the end of the arm by a spring, which was drawn out till it registered that pound weight when the arm was still. When the arm was in motion, with the spring pulling the plate after it, it might naturally be supposed that, as it was drawn faster, the pull would be greater, but the contrary was observed, for under these circumstances the spring *contracted*, till it registered less than an ounce. When the speed increased to that of a bird, the brass plate seemed to float on the air; and not only this, but taking into consideration both the strain and the velocity, it was found that absolutely less power was spent to make the plate move fast than slow, a result which seemed very extraordinary, since in all methods of land and water transport a high speed costs much more power than a slow one for the same distance.

These experiments were continued for three years, with the general conclusion that by simply moving any given weight of this form fast enough in a horizontal path it was possible to sustain it with less than one-twentieth of the power that Newton's rule called for. In particular it was proved that if we could insure horizontal flight without friction, about two hundred pounds of such plates could be moved through the air at the speed of an express train and sustained upon it, with the expenditure of one horse-power—sustained, that is, without any gas to lighten the weight, or by other means of flotation than the air over which it is made to run, as a swift skater runs safely over thin ice, or a skipping stone goes over water without sinking, till its speed is exhausted. This was saying that, so far as power alone

was concerned, mechanical flight was theoretically possible with engines we could then build, since I was satisfied that boilers and engines could be constructed to weigh less than twenty pounds to the horse-power, and that one horse-power would, in theory at least, support nearly ten times that if the flight were *horizontal*. Almost everything, it will be noticed, depends on this, for if the flight is downward it will end at the ground, and if upward the machine will be climbing an invisible hill, with the same or a greater effort than every bicycler experiences with a real one. Speed, then, and this speed expended in a horizontal course, were the first two requisites. This was not saying that a flying-machine could be started from the ground, guided into such flight in any direction, and brought back to earth in safety. There was, then, something more than power needed—that is, skill to use it, and the reader should notice the distinction. Hitherto it had always been supposed that it was wholly the lack of mechanical power to fly which made mechanical flight impossible. The first stage of the investigation had shown how much, or rather how little, power was needed in theory for the horizontal flight of a given weight, and the second stage, which was now to be entered upon, was to show first how to procure this power with as little weight as possible, and, having it, how by its means to acquire this horizontal flight in practice —that is, how to acquire the *art* of flight or how to build a ship that could actually navigate the air.

One thing which was made clear by these preliminary experiments, and made clear nearly for the first time, was that if a surface be made to advance rapidly, we secure an essential advantage in our ability to support it. Clearly we want the advance to get from place to place; but it proves also to be the only practicable way of supporting the thing at all, to thus take advantage of the inertia of the air, and this point is so all-important that we will renew an old illustration of it. The idea in a vague sense is as ancient as classical times. Pope says:

"Swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main."

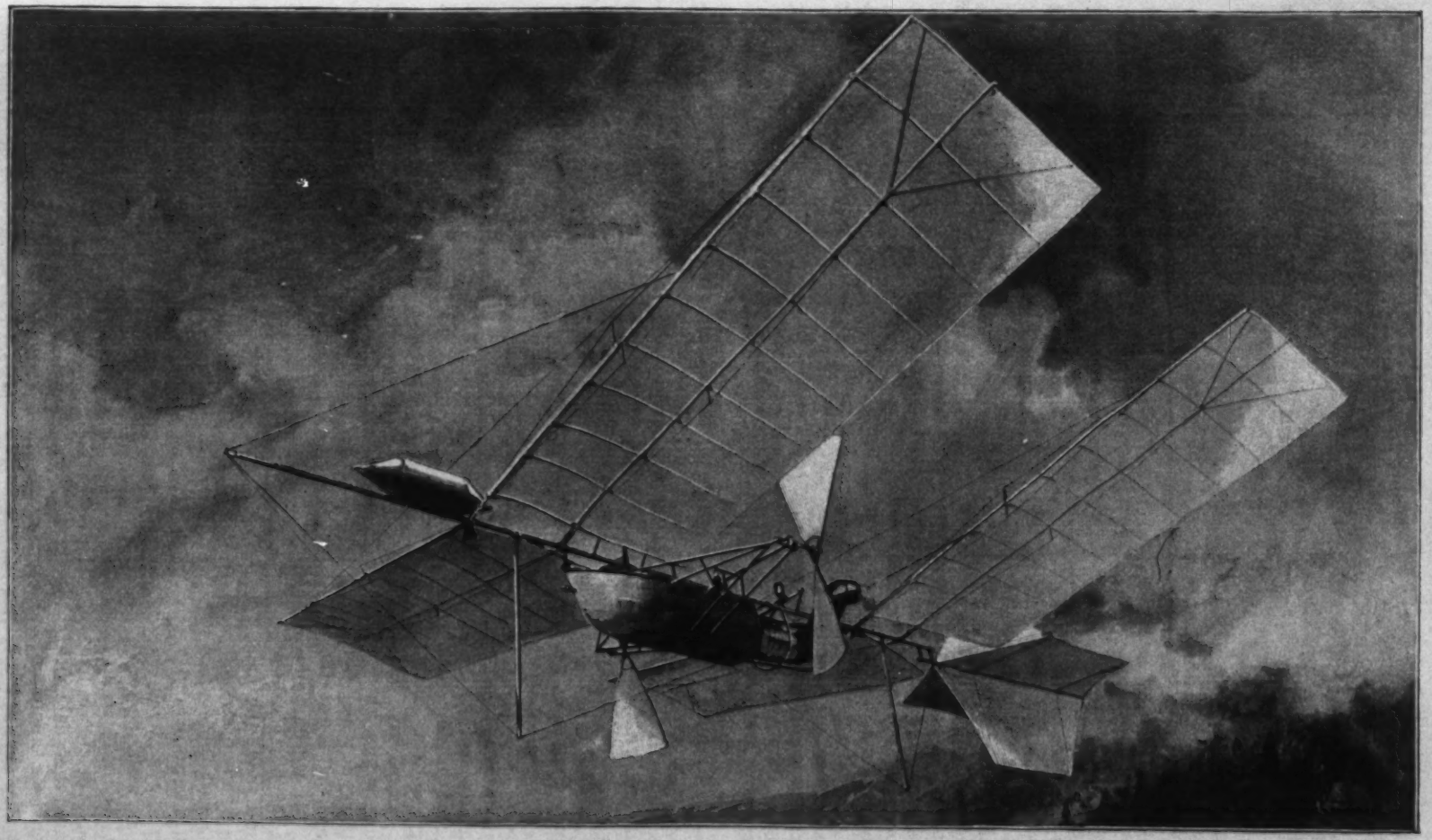
Now, is this really so in the sense that a Camilla, by running fast enough, could run over the tops of the corn? *If* she ran fast enough, yes; but the idea may be shown better by the analogous case of a skater who can glide safely over the thinnest ice if the speed is sufficient.

Think of a cake of ice of any small size, suppose a foot square. It possesses (like everything else in nature) inertia or resistance to displacement, and this will be less or more according to the mass moved. If the skater stands during a single second upon this small mass it will sink under him until he is perhaps waist-deep in the water, while a cake of the same width but twice the length will yield only about half as readily to his weight. On this he will sink only to his knees, we may suppose, while if we think of another cake ten times as long as the first—that is, one foot wide and ten feet long—we see that on this, during the same second, he will not sink above his feet. This is all plain enough; but now suppose the long cake to be divided into ten distinct portions, then it ought to be equally clear that the skater who glides over the whole in a second, distributes his weight over just as much ice as though all ten were in one solid piece. So it is with the air. Even the viewless air possesses inertia; it cannot be pushed aside without some effort; and while the portion which is directly under the airship would not keep it from falling several yards in the first second, if the ship goes forward so that it runs or treads on thousands of such portions in that time, it will sink in proportionately less degree; sink, perhaps, only through a fraction of an inch.

Speed, then, is indispensable here. A balloon, like a ship, will float over one spot in safety, but our flying-machine must be in motion to sustain itself, and in motion, in fact, before it can even begin to fly.

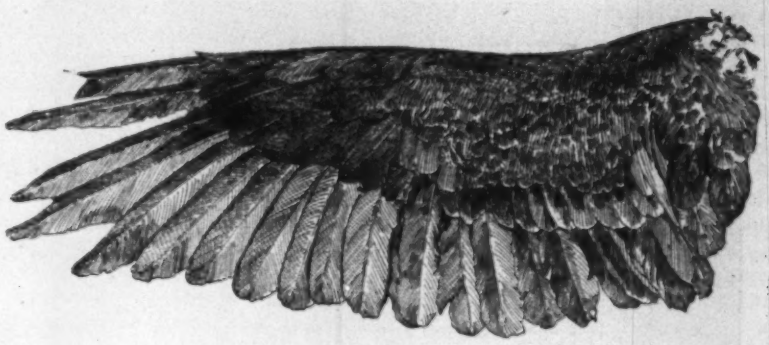
Perhaps we may more fully understand what is meant by looking at a boy's kite. Every one knows that it is held by a string against the wind which sustains it, and that it falls in a calm. Most of us remember that even in a calm, if we run and draw it along, it will still keep up, for what is required is motion relative to the air, however obtained.

It can be obtained without the cord if the same pull is given by an engine and propellers strong enough to draw it, and light enough to be attached to and sustained by it. The stronger the pull and the quicker the motion, the heavier the kite may be made. It may be, instead of a sheet of paper, a sheet of metal even, like the plate of brass which has already been mentioned as seeming, when in rapid motion, to float upon the air, and, if it will



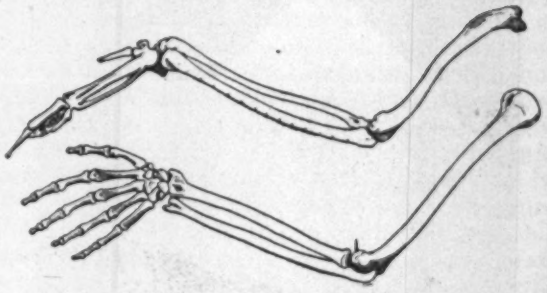
THE AËRODROME IN FLIGHT: A VIEW FROM BELOW.

make the principle involved more clear, the reader may think of our aërodrome as a great steel kite made to run fast enough over the air to sustain itself, whether in a calm or in a wind, by means of its propelling machinery, which takes the place of the string.

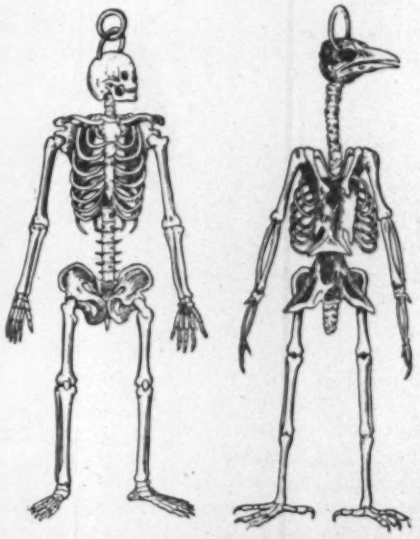


A WING FROM A SOARING BIRD.

And now having the theory of the flight before us, let us come to the practice. The first thing will be to provide an engine of unprecedented lightness, that is to furnish the power. A few years ago an engine that developed a horse-power, weighed nearly as much as the actual horse did. We have got to begin by trying to make an engine which shall weigh, everything complete, boiler and all, not more than twenty pounds to the horse-power, and preferably less than ten; but even if we have done this very hard thing, we may be said to have only fought our way up to an enormous difficulty, for the next question will be how to use the power it gives so as to get a horizontal flight. We must then consider through what means the power is to be applied when we get it, and whether we shall, for instance, have wings or screws. At first it seems as though Nature must know best, and that since her flying models, birds, are exclusively employing wings, this is the thing for us; but perhaps this is not the case. If we had imitated the horse or the ox, and made the machine which draws our trains walk on legs, we should undoubtedly never have done as well as with the locomotive rolling on wheels; or if we had imitated the whale with its fins, we should not have had so good a boat as we now have in the steamship with the paddle-wheels or the screw, both of which are constructions that Nature never employs. This is so important a point that we will look at the way Nature got her models. Here is a human skeleton, and here one of a bird, drawn to the same scale. Apparently Nature made one out of the other, or both out of some common type, and the closer we look, the more curious the likeness appears.



THE BONES OF A BIRD'S WING AND THE BONES OF A HUMAN ARM, DRAWN TO THE SAME SCALE, SHOWING THE CLOSE RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THEM.



THE SKELETON OF A MAN AND THE SKELETON OF A BIRD, DRAWN TO THE SAME SCALE, SHOWING THE CURIOUS LIKENESS BETWEEN THEM.

Here is a wing from a soaring bird, here the same wing stripped of its feathers, and here the bones of a human arm, — on the same scale. Now, on comparing them we see still more clearly than in the skeleton, that the bird's wing has developed out of something like our own arm. First comes the humerus, or principal bone of the upper arm, which is in the wing also. Next we see that the forearm of the bird

repeats the radius and ulna, or two bones of our own forearm, while our wrist and finger-bones are modified in the bird to carry the feathers, but are still there. To make the bird, then, Nature appears to have taken what material she had in stock, so to speak, and developed it into something that would do. It was all that Nature had to work on, and she has done wonderfully well with such unpromising material; but any one can see that our arms would not be the best thing to make flying-machines out of, and that there is no need of our starting there when we can start with something better and develop that. Flapping wings might be made on other principles, and perhaps will be found in future flying-machines, but the most promising thing to try seemed to me to be the screw propeller.

Some twenty years ago, Penaud, a Frenchman, made a toy, consisting of a flat, immovable sustaining wing surface, a flat tail, and a small propelling screw. He made the wing and tail out of paper or silk, and the propeller out of cork and feathers, and it was driven directly by strands of india-rubber twisted lamplighter fashion, and which turned the wheel as they untwisted.

PENAUD'S FLYING TOY (ONE-EIGHTH OF ACTUAL SIZE).

The great difficulty of the task of creating a flying-machine may be partly understood when it is stated that no machine in the whole history of invention, unless it were this toy of Penaud's, had ever, so far as I can learn, flown for even ten seconds; but something that will actually fly must be had to teach the art of "balancing."

When experiments are made with models moving on a whirling table or running on a railroad track, these are *forced* to move horizontally and at the same time are held so that they cannot turn over; but in free flight there will be nothing to secure this, unless the airship is so adjusted in all its parts that it tends to move steadily and horizontally, and the acquisition of this adjustment or art of "balancing" in the air is an enormously difficult thing, and which, it will be seen later, took years to acquire.

My first experiments in it, then, were with models like these, but from them I got only a rude idea how to balance the future aërodrome, partly on account of the brevity of their flight, which only lasted a few seconds, partly on account of its irregularity. Although, then, much time and labor were spent by me on these, it was not possible to learn much about the balancing from them.

Thus it appeared that something which could give longer and steadier flights than india-rubber must be used as a motor, even for the preliminary trials, and calculations and experiments were made upon the use of compressed air, carbonic acid gas, electricity in primary and storage batteries, and numerous other contrivances, but all in vain. The gas-engine promised to be best ultimately, but nothing save steam gave any promise of immediate success in supporting a machine which would teach these conditions of flight by actual trial, for all were too heavy, weight being the great enemy. It was true also that the steam-driven model could not be properly constructed until the principal conditions of flight were learned, nor these be learned till the working model was experimented with, so that it seemed that the inventor was shut up in a sort of vicious circle.

However, it was necessary to begin in some way, or give up at the outset, and the construction began with a machine to be driven by a steam-engine, through the means of propeller wheels, somewhat like the twin screws of a modern steamship, but placed amidships, not at the stern. There were to be rigid and motionless wings, slightly inclined, like the surface of a kite, and a construction was made on this plan which gave, if much disappointment, a good deal of useful experience. It was intended to make a machine that would weigh twenty or twenty-five pounds, constructed of steel tubes. The engines were made with the best advice to be got (I am not an engineer); but while the boiler was a good deal too heavy, it was still too small to get up steam for the engines, which weighed about four pounds, and could have developed a horse-power if there were steam enough. This machine, which was to be moved by two propelling screws, was labored on for many months, with the result that the weight was constantly increasing beyond the estimate until, before it was done, the whole weighed over forty pounds, and yet could only get steam for about a half horse-power, which, after deductions for loss in transmission, would give not more than half that gain in actual thrust. It was clear that whatever pains it had cost, it must be abandoned.

This aërodrome* could not then have flown; but having learned from it the formidable difficulty of making such a thing light enough, another was constructed, which was made in the other extreme, with two engines to be driven by compressed air, the whole weighing but five or six pounds. The power proved insufficient. Then came another, with engines to use carbonic-acid gas, which failed from a similar cause. Then followed a small one to be run by steam, which gave some promise of success, but when tried indoors it was found to lift only about one-sixth of its own weight. In each of these the construction of the whole was remodeled to get the greatest strength and lightness combined, but though each was an improvement on its predecessor, it seemed to become more and more doubtful whether it could ever be made sufficiently light, and whether the desired end could be reached at all.

The chief obstacle proved to be not with the engines, which were made surprisingly light after sufficient experiment. The great difficulty was to make a boiler of almost no weight which would give steam enough, and this was a most wearying one. There must be also a certain amount of wing surface, and large wings weighed prohibitively; there must be a frame to hold all together, and the frame, if made strong enough, must yet weigh so little that it seemed impossible to make it. These were the difficulties that I still found myself in after two years of experiment, and it seemed at this stage again as if it must, after all, be given up as a hopeless task, for somehow the thing had to be built stronger and lighter yet. Now, in all ordinary construction, as in building a steamboat or a house, engineers have what they call a factor of safety. An iron column, for instance, will be made strong enough to hold five or ten times the weight that is ever going to be put upon it, but if we try anything of the kind here the construction will be too heavy to fly. Everything in the work has got to be so light as to be on the edge of breaking down and disaster, and when the breakdown comes all we can do is to find what is the weakest part and make that part stronger; and in this way work went on, week by week and month by month, constantly altering the form of construction so as to strengthen the weakest parts, until, to abridge a story which extended over years, it was finally brought nearly to the shape it is now, where the completed mechanism, furnishing over a horse-power, weighs collectively something less than seven pounds. This does not include water, the amount of which depends on how long we are to run; but the whole thing, as now constructed, boiler, fire-grate, and all that is required to turn out an actual horse-power and more, weighs something less than one one-hundredth part of what the horse himself does. I am here anticipating; but after these first three years something not greatly inferior to this was already reached, and so long ago as that, there had accordingly been secured mechanical power to fly, if that were all—but it is not all.

After that came years more of delay arising from other causes, and I can hardly repeat the long story of subsequent disappointment, which commenced with the first attempts at actual flight.

Mechanical power to fly was, as I say, obtained three years ago; the machine could lift itself if it ran along a railroad track, and it might seem as though, when it could lift itself, the problem was solved. I knew that it was far from solved, but felt that the point was reached where an attempt at actual free flight should be made, though the anticipated difficulties of this were of quite another order to those experienced in shop construction. It is enough to look up at the gulls or buzzards, soaring overhead, and to watch the incessant rocking and balancing which accompanies their gliding motion to apprehend that they find something more than mere strength of wing necessary, and that the machine would have need of something more than mechanical power, though what this something was, was not clear. It looked as though it might need a power like instinctive adaptation to the varying needs of each moment, something that even an intelligent steersman on board could hardly supply, but to find what this was a trial had to be made. The first difficulty seemed to be to make the initial flight in such conditions that the machine would not wreck itself at the outset, in its descent, and the first question was where to attempt to make the flight.

It became clear without much thought, that since the machine was at first unprovided with any means to save it from breakage on striking against the ground, it would be well, in the initial stage of the experiment, not to have it light on the ground at all, but on the water. As it was probable that, while skill in launching was being gained, and until after practice had made

* Aërodrome, from words signifying air-runner, the running over the air being the essence of its plan.

perfect, failures would occur, and as it was not desired to make any public exhibition of these, a great many places were examined along the shores of the Potomac, and on its high bluffs, which were condemned partly for their publicity, but partly for another reason. In the course of my experiments I had found out, among the infinite things pertaining to this problem, that the machine must begin to fly in the face of the wind, and just in the opposite way to a ship, which begins its voyage with the wind behind it. If the reader has ever noticed a soaring bird get upon the wing, he will see that it does so with the breeze against it, and thus whenever the aërodrome is cast into the air, it must face a wind which may happen to blow from the north, south, east, or west, and we had better not make the launching station a place like the bank of a river, where it can go only one way. It was necessary, then, to send it from something which could be turned in any direction, and taking this need in connection with the desirability that at first the airship should light in the water, there came at last the idea (which seems obvious enough when it is stated) of getting some kind of a barge or boat, and building a small structure upon it, which could house the aërodrome when not in use, and from whose flat roof it could be launched in any direction. Means for this were limited, but a little "scow" was procured, and on it was built a primitive sort of a house, one story high, and on the house a platform about ten feet higher, so that the top of the platform was about twenty feet from the water, and this was to be the place of the launch. This boat it was found necessary to take down the river as much as thirty miles from Washington, where I then was,—since no suitable place could be found nearer,—to an island having a stretch of quiet water between it and the main shore; and here the first experiments in attempted flight developed difficulties of a new kind, difficulties which were partly anticipated, but which nobody would probably have conjectured would be of their actually formidable character, which was such as for a long time to prevent any trial being made at all. They arose partly out of the fact that even such a flying-machine as a soaring bird has to get up an artificial speed before it is on the wing. Some soaring birds do this by an initial run upon the ground, and even under the most urgent pressure cannot fly without it.

Take the following graphic description of the commencement of an eagle's flight (the writer was in Egypt, and the "sandy soil" was that of the banks of the Nile):

"An approach to within eighty yards aroused the king of birds from his apathy. He partly opened his enormous wings, but stirs not yet from his station. On gaining a few feet more he begins to *walk* away, with half-expanded but motionless wings. Now for the chance, fire! A charge of number three from eleven bore rattles audibly but ineffectively upon his densely feathered body; his walk increases to a run, he gathers speed with his slowly waving wings, and eventually leaves the ground. Rising at a gradual inclination, he mounts aloft and sails majestically away to his place of refuge in the Libyan range, distant at least five miles from where he rose. Some fragments of feathers denoted the spot where the shot had struck him. The marks of his claws were traceable in the sandy soil, as, at first with firm and decided digs, he forced his way, but as he lightened his body and increased his speed with the aid of his wings, the imprints of his talons gradually merged into long scratches. The measured distance from the point where these vanished, to the place where he had stood, proved that with all the stimulus that the shot must have given to his exertions, he had been compelled to run full twenty yards before he could raise himself from the earth."

We have not all had a chance to see this striking illustration of the necessity of getting up a preliminary speed before soaring, but many of us have disturbed wild ducks on the water and noticed them run along it, flapping their wings for some distance to get velocity before they can fly, and the necessity of the initial velocity is at least as great with our flying-machine as it is with a bird.

To get up this preliminary speed, many plans were proposed, one of which was to put the aërodrome on the deck of a steamboat and go faster and faster until the head wind lifted it off the deck. This sounds reasonable, but is absolutely impracticable, for when the aërodrome is set up anywhere in the open air we find that the very slightest wind will turn it over, unless it is firmly held. The whole must be in motion, but in motion from something to which it is held till that critical instant when it is set free as it springs into the air.

The house-boat was fitted with an apparatus for launching the aërodrome with

a certain initial velocity, and was (in 1893) taken down the river and moored in the stretch of quiet water I have mentioned, the general features of the place being indicated on the accompanying map; and it was here that the first trials at launching were made, under the difficulties to which I have alluded.

Perhaps the reader will take patience to hear an abstract of a part of the diary of these trials, which commenced with a small aërodrome which had finally been built to weigh only about ten pounds, which had an engine of not quite one-half horse-power, and which could lift much more than was theoretically necessary to enable it to fly. The exact construction of this early aërodrome is unimportant, as it was replaced later by an improved one, of which a drawing is given on page 658, but it was the first outcome of the series of experiments which had occupied three years, though the disposition of its supporting surfaces, which should cause it to be properly balanced in the air and neither fly up nor down, had yet to be ascertained by trial.

What must still precede this trial was the provision of the apparatus for launching it into the air. It is a difficult thing to launch a ship, although gravity keeps it down upon the ways, but the problem here is that of launching a kind of ship which is as ready to go up into the air like a balloon as to go off sideways, and readier to do either than to go straight forward, as it is wanted to do, for though there is no gas in the flying-machine, its great extent of wing surface renders it something like an albatross on a ship's deck—the most unmanageable and helpless of creatures until it is in its proper element.

If there were an absolute calm, which never really happens, it would still be impracticable to launch it as a ship is launched, because the wind made by running it along would get under the wings and turn it over. But there is always more or less wind, and even the gentlest breeze was afterward found to make the airship unmanageable unless it was absolutely clamped down to whatever served to launch it, and when it was thus firmly clamped, as it must be at several distinct points, it was necessary that it should be released simultaneously at all these at the one critical instant that it was leaping into the air. This is another difficult condition, but that it is an indispensable one may be inferred from what has been said. In the first form of launching-piece this initial velocity was sought to be attained by a spring, which threw forward the supporting frame on which the aërodrome rested; but at this time the extreme susceptibility of the whole construction to injury from the wind, and the need of protecting it from even the gentlest breeze, had not been appreciated by experience. On November 18, 1893, the aërodrome had been taken down the river, and the whole day was spent in waiting for a calm, as the machine could not be held in position for launching for two seconds in the lightest breeze. The party returned to Washington and came down again on the 20th, and although it seemed that there was scarcely any movement in the air, what little remained was enough to make it impossible to maintain the aërodrome in position. It was let go, notwithstanding, and a portion struck against the edge of the launching-piece, and all fell into the water before it had an opportunity to fly.

On the 24th, another trip was made, and another day spent ineffectively on account of the wind. On the 27th there was a similar experience, and here four days and four (round-trip) journeys of sixty miles each had been spent without a single result. This may seem to be a trial of patience, but it was repeated in December, when five fruitless trips were made, and thus nine such trips were made in these two months, and but once was the aërodrome even attempted to be launched, and this attempt was attended with disaster. The principal cause lay, as I have said, in the unrecognized amount of difficulty introduced even by the very smallest wind, as a breeze of three or four miles an hour, hardly perceptible to the face, was enough to keep the airship from resting in place for the critical seconds preceding the launching.

If we remember that this is all irrespective of the fitness of the launching-piece itself, which at first did not get even a chance for trial, some of the difficulties may be better understood, and there were many others.

During most of the year of 1894 there was the same record of defeat. Five more trial trips were made in the spring and summer, during which various forms of launching apparatus were tried with varied forms of disaster. Then it was sought to hold the aërodrome out over the water and let it drop from the greatest attainable height, with the hope that it might acquire the requisite speed of advance before the water was reached. It will hardly be an-

ticipated that it was found impracticable at first to simply let it drop, without something going wrong, but so it was, and it soon became evident that even were this not the case, a far greater time of fall was requisite for this method than that at command. The result was that in all these eleven months the aërodrome had not been launched, owing to difficulties which seem so slight that one who has not experienced them may wonder at the trouble they caused.

Finally, in October, 1894, an entirely new launching apparatus was completed, which embodied the dozen or more requisites, the need for which had been independently proved in this long process of trial and error. Among these was the primary one that it was capable of sending the aërodrome off at the requisite initial speed, in the face of a wind from whichever quarter it blew, and it had many more facilities which practice had proved indispensable.

This new launching-piece did its work in this respect effectively, and subsequent disaster was, at any rate, not due to it. But now a new series of failures took place, which could not be attributed to any defect of the launching apparatus, but to a cause which was at first obscure, for sometimes the aërodrome, when successfully launched, would dash down forward and into the water, and sometimes (under apparently identically like conditions) would sweep almost vertically upward in the air and fall back, thus behaving in entirely opposite ways, although the circumstances of flight seemed to be the same. The cause of this class of failure was finally found in the fact that as soon as the whole was upborne by the air, the wings yielded under the pressure which supported them, and were momentarily distorted from the form designed and which they appeared to possess. "Momentarily," but enough to cause the wind to catch the top, directing the flight downward, or under them, directing it upward, and to wreck the experiment. When the cause of the difficulty was found, the cure was not easy, for it was necessary to make these great sustaining surfaces rigid so that they could not bend, and to do this without making them heavy, since weight was still the enemy; and nearly a year passed in these experiments.

Has the reader enough of this tale of disaster? If so, he may be spared the account of what went on in the same way. Launch after launch was successively made. The wings were finally, and after infinite patience and labor, made at once light enough and strong enough to do the work, and now in the long struggle the way had been fought up to the face of the final difficulty, in which nearly a year more passed, for the all-important difficulty of balancing the aërodrome was now reached, where it could be discriminated from other preliminary ones, which have been alluded to, and which at first obscured it. If the reader will look at the hawk or any soaring bird, he will see that as it sails through the air without flapping the wing, there are hardly two conseeutive seconds of its flight in which it is not swaying a little from side to side, lifting one wing or the other, or turning in a way that suggests an acrobat on a tight-rope, only that the bird uses its widely outstretched wings in place of the pole.

There is something, then, which is difficult even for the bird, in this act of balancing. In fact, he is sailing so close to the wind in order to fly at all, that if he dips his head but the least he will catch the wind on the top of his wing and fall, as I have seen gulls do, when they have literally tumbled toward the water before they could recover themselves.

Beside this, there must be some provision for guarding against the incessant, irregular currents of the wind, for the wind as a whole—and this is a point of prime importance—is not a thing moving along all-of-a-piece, like water in the Gulf Stream. Far from it. The wind, when we come to study it, as we have to do here, is found to be made of innumerable currents and counter-currents which exist altogether and simultaneously in the gentlest breeze, which is in reality going fifty ways at once, although, as a whole, it may come from the east or the west; and if we could see it, it would be something like seeing the rapids below Niagara, where there is an infinite variety of motion in the parts, although there is a common movement of the stream as a whole.

All this has to be provided for in our mechanical bird, which has neither intelligence nor instinct, without which, although there be all the power of the engines requisite, all the rigidity of wing, all the requisite initial velocity, it still cannot fly. This is what is meant by balancing, or the disposal of the parts, so that the airship will have a position of equilibrium into which it tends to fall when it is disturbed, and which will enable it to move of its own volition, as it were, in a horizontal course.

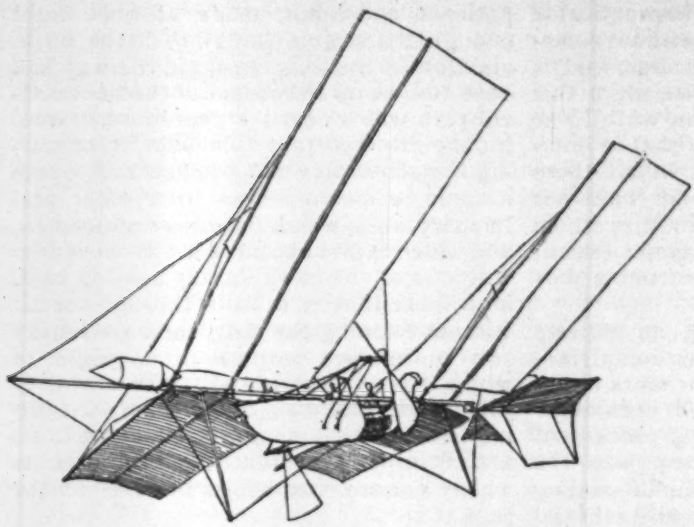


DIAGRAM OF THE AËRODROME AS DESCRIBED BELOW.

Now the reader may be prepared to look at the apparatus which finally has flown. (See diagram above.) In the completed form we see two pairs of wings, each slightly curved, each attached to a long steel rod which supports them both, and from which depends the body of the machine, in which are the boilers, the engines, the machinery, and the propeller wheels, these latter being not in the position of those of an ocean steamer, but more nearly amidships. They are made sometimes of wood, sometimes of steel and canvas, and are between three and four feet in diameter.

The hull itself is formed of steel tubing; the front portion is closed by a sheathing of metal which hides from view the fire-grate and apparatus for heating, but allows us to see a little of the coils of the boiler and all of the relatively large smoke-stack in which it ends. The conical vessel in front is an empty float, whose use is to keep the whole from sinking if it should fall in the water.

This boiler supplies steam for an engine of between one and one and one-half horse-power, and, with its fire-grate, weighs a little over five pounds. This weight is exclusive of that of the engine, which weighs, with all its moving parts, but twenty-six ounces. Its duty is to drive the propeller wheels, which it does at rates varying from 800 to 1,200, or even more, turns a minute, the highest number being reached when the whole is speeding freely ahead.

The rudder, it will be noticed, is of a shape very unlike that of a ship, for it is adapted both for vertical and horizontal steering. It is impossible within the limits of such an article as this, however, to give an intelligible account of the manner in which it performs its automatic function. Sufficient it is to say that it does perform it.

The width of the wings from tip to tip is between twelve and thirteen feet, and the length of the whole about sixteen feet. The weight is nearly thirty pounds, of which about one-fourth is contained in the machinery. The engine and boilers are constructed with an almost single eye to economy of weight, not of force, and are very wasteful of steam, of which they spend their own weight in five minutes. This steam might all be recondensed and the water re-used by proper condensing apparatus, but this cannot be easily introduced in so small a scale of construction. With it the time of flight might be hours instead of minutes, but without it the flight (of the present aërodrome) is limited to about five minutes, though in that time, as will be seen presently, it can go some miles; but owing to the danger of its leaving the surface of the water for that of the land, and wrecking itself on shore, the time of flight is limited designedly to less than two minutes.

I have spared the reader an account of numberless delays, from continuous accidents and from failures in attempted flights, which prevented a single entirely satisfactory one during nearly three years after a machine with power to fly had been attained. It is true that the aërodrome maintained itself in the air at many times, but some disaster had so often intervened to prevent a complete flight that the most persistent hope must at some time have yielded. On the 6th of May of last year I had journeyed, perhaps for the twentieth time, to the distant river station, and recommenced the weary routine of another launch, with very moderate expectation indeed; and when, on that, to me, memorable afternoon the signal was given and the aërodrome sprang into the air,* I

* The illustration on page 649, from an instantaneous photograph by Mr. Bell, shows the machine after Mr. Reed, who was in charge of the launch (and to whom a great deal of the construction of the aërodrome is due), has released it, and when it is in the first instant of its aërial journey.

watched it from the shore with hardly a hope that the long series of accidents had come to a close. And yet it had, and for the first time the aërodrome swept continuously through the air like a living thing, and as second after second passed on the face of the stop-watch, until a minute had gone by, and it still flew on, and as I heard the cheering of the few spectators, I felt that something had been accomplished at last, for never in any part of the world, or in any period, had any machine of man's construction sustained itself in the air before for even half of this brief time. Still the aërodrome went on in a rising course until, at the end of a minute and a half (for which time only it was provided with fuel and water), it had accomplished a little over half a mile, and now it settled rather than fell into the river with a gentle descent. It was immediately taken out and flown again with equal success, nor was there anything to indicate that it might not have flown indefinitely except for the limit put upon it.

I was accompanied by my friend, Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, who not only witnessed the flight, but took the instantaneous photograph of it which has been given. He spoke of it in a communication to the Institute of France in the following terms:

Through the courtesy of Mr. S. P. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, I have had on various occasions the privilege of witnessing his experiments with aërodromes, and especially the remarkable success attained by him in experiments made on the Potomac River on Wednesday, May 6, which led me to urge him to make public some of these results.

I had the pleasure of witnessing the successful flight of some of these aërodromes more than a year ago, but Professor Langley's reluctance to make the results public at that time prevented me from asking him, as I have done since, to let me give an account of what I saw.

On the date named, two ascensions were made by the aërodrome, or so-called "flying-machine," which I will not describe here further than to say that it appeared to me to be built almost entirely of metal, and driven by a steam-engine which I have understood was carrying fuel and a water-supply for a brief period, and which was of extraordinary lightness.

The absolute weight of the aërodrome, including that of the engine and all appurtenances, was, as I was told, about twenty-five pounds, and the distance, from tip to tip, of the supporting surfaces was, as I observed, about twelve or fourteen feet.

The method of propulsion was by aërial screw propellers, and there was no gas or other aid for lifting it in the air except its own internal energy.

On the occasion referred to, the aërodrome, at a given signal, started from a platform about twenty feet above the water, and rose at first directly in the face of the wind, moving at all times with remarkable steadiness, and subsequently swinging around in large curves of, perhaps, a hundred yards in diameter, and continually ascending until its steam was exhausted, when, at a lapse of about a minute and a half, and at a height which I judged to be between eighty and one hundred feet in the air, the wheels ceased turning, and the machine, deprived of the aid of its propellers, to my surprise did not fall, but settled down so softly and gently that it touched the water without the least shock, and was in fact immediately ready for another trial.

In the second trial, which followed directly, it repeated in nearly every respect the actions of the first, except that the direction of its course was different. It ascended again in the face of the wind, afterwards moving steadily and continually in large curves, accompanied with a rising motion and a lateral advance. Its motion was, in fact, so steady that I think a glass of water on its surface would have remained unspilled. When the steam gave out again, it repeated for a second time the experience of the first trial when the steam had ceased, and settled gently and easily down. What height it reached at this trial I cannot say, as I was not so favorably placed as in the first; but I had occasion to notice that this time its course took it over a wooded promontory, and I was relieved of some apprehension in seeing that it was already so high as to pass the tree-tops by twenty or thirty feet. It reached the water one minute and thirty-one seconds from the time it started, at a measured distance of over nine hundred feet from the point at which it rose.

This, however, was by no means the length of its flight. I estimated from the diameter of the curve described, from the number of turns of the propellers as given by the automatic counter, after due allowance for slip, and from other measures, that the actual length of flight on each occasion was slightly over three thousand feet. It is at least safe to say that each exceeded half an English mile.

From the time and distance it will be noticed that the velocity was between twenty and twenty-five miles an hour, in a course which was constantly taking it "up hill." I may add that on a previous occasion I have seen a far higher velocity attained by the same aërodrome when its course was horizontal.

I have no desire to enter into detail further than I have done, but I cannot but add that it seems to me that no one who was present on this interesting occasion could have failed to recognize that the practicability of mechanical flight had been demonstrated.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

On November 28th I witnessed, with another aërodrome of somewhat similar construction, a rather longer flight, in which it traversed about three-quarters of a mile, and descended with equal safety. In this the speed was greater, or about thirty miles an hour. The course of this date is indicated by the dotted line in the diagram on page 660. We may live to see airships a common sight, but habit has not dulled the edge of wonder, and I wish that the reader could have witnessed the actual spectacle. "It looked like a miracle," said one who saw it, and the photograph, though taken from the original, conveys but imperfectly the impression given by the flight itself.

And now, it may be asked, what has been

done? This has been done: a "flying-machine," so long a type for ridicule, has really flown; it has demonstrated its practicability in the only satisfactory way—by actually flying, and by doing this again and again, under conditions which leave no doubt.

There is no room here to enter on the consideration of the construction of larger machines, or to offer the reasons for believing that they may be built to remain for days in the air, or to travel at speeds higher than any with which we are familiar; neither is there room to enter on a consideration of their commercial value, or of those applications which will probably first come in the arts of war rather than those of peace; but we may at least see that these may be such as to change the whole conditions of warfare, when each of two opposing hosts will have its every movement known to the other, when no lines of fortification will keep out the foe, and when the difficulties of defending a country against an attacking enemy in the air will be such that we may hope that this will hasten rather than retard the coming of the day when war shall cease.

I have thus far had only a purely scientific interest in the results of these labors. Perhaps if it could have been foreseen at the outset how much labor there was to be, how much of life would be given to it, and how much care, I might have hesitated to enter upon it at all. And now reward must be looked for, if reward there be, in the knowledge that I have done the best I could in a difficult task, with results which it may be hoped will be useful to others. I have brought to a close the portion of the work which seemed to be specially mine—the demonstration of the practicability of mechanical flight—and for the next stage, which is the commercial and practical development of the idea, it is probable that the world may look to others. The world, indeed, will be supine if it do not realize that a new possibility has come to it, and that the great universal highway overhead is now soon to be opened.

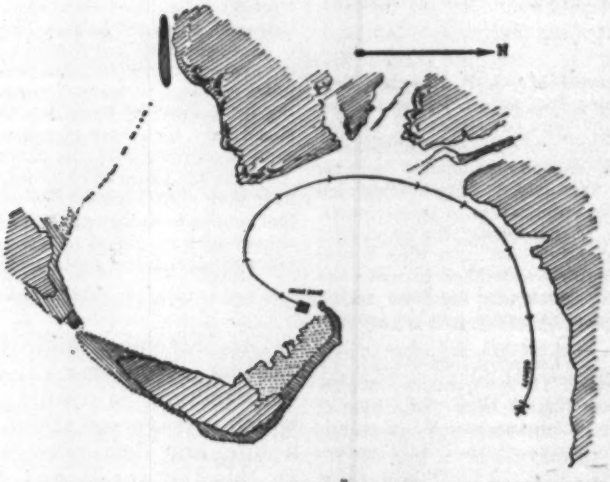



DIAGRAM SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE AËRODROME IN ITS FLIGHT ON THE POTOMAC RIVER AT QUANTICO. SEE PAGE 659.

# SOME PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN THE WAR.

CAPTAIN MUSGROVE DAVIS.

## PLAYING THE REBEL SPY.

"WHO did you say?"

"General Jones, General Salem Jones. Do you know him?"

"I should think so! Well, well; what memories. As a cavalry officer, he had no superior in the Army of the Cumberland. He once offered me a place upon his staff because of an act of desperation; he was good enough to call it pluck.

"Tell you about it? Well, I was going down the Ohio River to rejoin my regiment, and merely to pass away the time on the boat, I must needs play the fool by causing the impression to get about that I was a rebel spy, though, in fact, I wore the straps of a Federal lieutenant. I had no idea there was a general on board, nor did I realize what a serious matter my joke was likely to become if taken in earnest.

"THE WHOLE GROUND IS PLANTED WITH TORPEDOES."

"Before I could say Jack Robinson, I was under arrest — by order of General Jones. This aspect of the case made the matter less funny than I had expected. The general got off at Cairo, taking me with him to Fort Henry, Tennessee, a prisoner. He was commanding and recruiting at that point, and I saw that I was in a fair way to go before a drum-head court-martial. I knew no one, being, as I said, on the way to join my regiment. My very folly furnished the strongest proof against me. I had given myself away, but I was wise enough to know that the less I talked the better.

"I asked to see General Jones again.

"'General,' said I, 'I am a First Lieutenant of the One Hundred and Ninety-ninth New York, Twelfth Corps.'

"The general's countenance grew very stern as he replied: 'You are a spy by your own confession, with a good chance of being shot within two hours.'

"'General Jones,' I protested earnestly, 'I am no more a spy than you are. That I have been a fool, I admit. Why I attempted this silly joke, only the god of fools can tell; but I did.

"'General, I faced the hordes of Beauregard at Bull Run; I fought under Sumner at Williamsburgh; I was wounded at Fair Oaks and fell again at Antietam. Believe me, nothing but a foolish, boyish love of excitement has brought me to this pass. I will not even ask you to wait until you can communicate with my regiment, but place me in any position of danger, and with loaded muskets behind me, if you like; put me in the van of any forlorn hope; only let me prove that I am loyal. Why, my father is an abolitionist of New York State, and I know only anti-slavery views. I was never south of Mason and Dixon's line until I enlisted.'

"'Well,' the General replied, 'you are either a knave or a fool, that's certain, and I don't think it makes much difference which. But you protest well, and I will try you.'

"He took me in front of the breastworks, and said: 'Young fellow, you see that expanse before you? It looks innocent enough, but the whole ground is planted with torpedoes, waiting for the enemy's approach. You say that you are loyal, and ask to be allowed to prove it. The evidence is against you, but I give you this one chance. You may walk over that ground for half an hour. If you touch a torpedo, you will be blown to atoms. If you shirk nothing and escape, you shall have your liberty. Take that or a drum-head court-martial.'

"I took the chance. My scalp felt as if it were two inches from my head, and the wind seemed to be blowing through the space. Every particle of my skin seemed to stand out from the flesh underneath it, and the perspiration rolled down my cheeks like the cataract of Niagara.

"There wasn't a torpedo near the place, and there never had been—but I didn't know it!

"The general recalled me after a little time, with some pleasant remarks, and offered me the position above alluded to. I thanked him, but was too anxious to get away from that accursed spot; so stood not upon the order of my going, but went.

"Jones and I have met many times since the war, and he always delights in referring to what he calls 'the fun.' I failed at the time to see where the amusement came in; and I am not exactly sure about the hilarity of the occasion even now."

## CAPTAIN BAILEY'S REPORT.

IN the autumn of 1864 Sheridan and Early were having fun with each other in the Shenandoah Valley—most of the fun, it may be remembered, being on Sheridan's side.

Opequan had been won, historic Winchester passed, and the now famous Cedar Creek crossed, when Sheridan found himself face to face with a serious situation at Fisher's Hill. The Confederate position there was a strong one, having one flank resting on the Shenandoah River and the other against North Mountains.

Caution was no less one of this great commander's qualities than dash, and he wisely took a day or two to reconnoiter. He surveyed the situation well, gained all the information he could, and then took his resolve. He decided upon a general advance for a certain day and at a certain hour. The 22d of September was fixed as the day, and five o'clock as the hour. On that day he rode the entire length of the lines and to each general gave the same instructions—"Advance at five o'clock." Coming to the brigade of General Dan. Macauley—he of the Fifty-fourth Indiana—he said: "General Macauley, set your watch with mine. At five o'clock exactly you, with the others, are to advance. In the meantime, I want you to make a reconnaissance in force and ascertain who is in front of you and his strength. I am a little in doubt. Report the result to me as soon as possible. Be sure not to bring on a general engagement."

General Macauley took two regiments for the task, but did not get very far. He found the enemy in force everywhere. At a certain place he said to one of his aides, Captain Bailey: "Go to that point," indicating a little eminence, "and tell me what you discover with your glasses."

Bailey started toward the point designated, followed by an orderly. The reconnoitering party passed on, and finally returned to their assigned position very little the wiser; but Bailey did not return with them. Five o'clock came, still no Bailey and no orderly. "Oh, well," all thought, "the same old story; killed or captured."

The advance was made at five o'clock, and, we all know, successfully. Finally Appomattox came, the war was over, the great review was held at Washington, and the troops of the Grand Army dispersed to their homes.

General Macauley went back to Indianapolis, where he was not only appreciated as a glorious good fellow, but honored as the hero that he was. In 1867, by an overwhelming majority, he was carried into the mayor's chair. One of his duties, in this position, was to hold the police court. One morning he was striving to get, from out of all the pros and cons, the right of an assault and battery case, when the court-room door opened, and in, on a crutch, stumped a one-legged man. No one noticed him until he was half-way up the court-room, and even then, had it not been that he kept his cap on, he would not have attracted special attention. On he pegged, looking neither to the right nor to the left; on past visitors, witnesses, and lawyers, until he came close to the bench. Then he stopped, saluted, and said in a loud voice and to the consternation of all: "General, I have to report that it's the whole of Gordon's division that's on the other side." Then he saluted again, turned on his crutch, and without changing a feature of his face, and looking neither to one side nor the other, pegged back as he came and passed out at the door.

The court and all in attendance were for the moment paralyzed, but in a second or two General Macauley sprang from his seat, and throwing up both arms, shouted: "Why, that's Jim Bailey, whom I sent out at Fisher's Hill! Mr. Marshal, adjourn the court! Mr. Clerk, go fetch

that man back; and you, prisoner,—go —wherever you will."

Bailey came back, and the two weather-beaten warriors fell upon each other's neck and wept like children. It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. No special "crier" was required by that court. Everybody cried, and then they shouted, and then they cried and shouted again, and Bailey had no use for his crutch when he left the court-room, for he was carried out on men's shoulders.

It seems that he was wounded and captured on that memorable day at Fisher's Hill, and his leg was taken off in Libby prison. When the war was over, he was released and went straight back to his Massachusetts home. He longed, however, to see his old general, and making the journey to Indianapolis for the purpose, took this way of reintroducing himself.

## HELPING A SURGEON TO HIS SENSES.

AT the battle of Savage's Station a corporal named Kelly, known as the "tall corporal," was badly wounded in the leg. I was hit in the arm—not a serious wound, but a painful one. The next morning, as I was lying on my blanket under a tree, waiting for transportation to White House Landing, one of the men remarked: "They're going to take off Kelly's leg, sir!" I sprang to my feet, and, with my arm in its sling still giving me excruciating pain, made my way to the Field Hospital.

"PUT A KNIFE TO THAT LEG, AND I'LL SEND A BULLET THROUGH YOUR HAND."

Nor was I too soon. Poor Kelly was lying in the line of promotion to the operating table. I found him greatly depressed, and wholly unreconciled to the operation. "There's no call to tack off me lig, Lootinant," said he, "and I'd rather die furst. I'll git well tidy enough af they'll lit me alone. They're nothing but a lot av conthract spalpeens, awnyhow, and, be the powers, af oi had me gun they wouldn't do it! Can't ye save me, Lootinant, and may the saints bliss ye?"

I could only say, "I'll try."

I waited until Kelly was near the knife, when I earnestly expostulated with the young surgeon. He looked at me patronizingly, and said, with the politeness of an under-done "medico:" "Perhaps you know this business better than I do."

The hot blood leaped in my veins, and with more emphasis than discretion, I replied: "Perhaps I do. I've got a commission for my business, and you haven't got even a diploma for yours. All that man's leg wants is proper probing and dressing, and that's all it will have. He owns the leg and wants to keep it. I am his commanding officer and your superior in rank. Do as I ask, and we will take the responsibility."

For my answer I got a sneer and: "Put him on the table."

Out came my revolver, and before I realized the rashness of the proceeding I had said: "You boy-butcher! As his commander and as your superior officer I order that you only probe and dress the wound. I've got but one arm, as you see, but put a knife to that leg, and I'll send a bullet through your hand."

Of course I was wrong. Of course I had no command over him; but I had put my hand to the plow, and was too foolhardy to turn back. I should have come to disastrous grief if the matter had ever gone to higher authorities, but, luckily, it did not. We looked at each other for perhaps three seconds (it seemed half an hour); and whether from a prick to his diminutive conscience or because he didn't know his rights, I can't say, but he did simply probe and dress the wound.

That leg afterwards carried the fearless Kelly through many a hard-fought battle, all the way to the Wilderness; but I know nothing of it since he took it away with him in first-rate condition from Appomattox Court-House.

# A GREAT GAME OF CHECKERS.

By George W. Rose.

"PLAY checkers, Schoolmaster?"

"Oh, yes, I play checkers."

The tone betrayed the rash confidence of youth, but the old farmer met it with a serene smile, born of the memory of many victories.

"Hattie, bring that checkerboard. What kind of a game do you play, Teacher, side or centre?"

"I don't understand your terms," replied the schoolmaster, "but I play the regular openings, and then gauge my play according to my opponent's play."

"Well, I'll be switched!" exclaimed the farmer. "I always thought checkers was checkers the world over, but I never heard of openings, nor gauges nuther."

"I see your board is not numbered," said the teacher. "Do you object to my marking the numbers with a pencil?"

"Mark all you want to, Schoolmaster," replied the hilarious farmer. "Put a sum in mental 'rithmetic in the middle, an' algebra 'round the edges. Turn the board over, an' write out some examples in bot'ny an' hist'ry on the back of 'er. Can't hurt the board any. Ernest, git some of that cider."

After the farmer had won four games in succession, he said to his son: "Here, Ernest, you come an' play with the schoolmaster. This ain't exciting enough for me. I'll go an' set by the fire an' think!"

Ten minutes later Ernest said: "Well, father, this may be fun for you, but it's rather monotonous for me. You'd better play with Hattie, Schoolmaster. You may get a game occasionally, if she's good natured."

So the teacher and his oldest pupil played together. But the memory of certain caustic remarks anent the afternoon's algebra recitation rankled in the young girl's bosom, and she showed him no mercy. She forced his pieces into unprofitable corners; she coaxed him after apparently unprotected "single men," only to slaughter the pursuer, and at last, in completing an innocent-looking combination, swept the board time and again.

Looking up in the midst of the fifth game he became conscious that their normal conditions were reversed. He knew that his face was flushed, and his brows in a tangle, while she was watching him with a cool, amused smile.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked, suddenly.

"I am thinking of algebra," she answered, demurely. "It does seem"—she gave him a "man"—"as though checkers"—she gave him two more—"was so much easier," and she swept the board.

When the teacher retired that night he registered a vow that he would beat that girl at checkers, even if he had to give up his school and devote his whole time to studying the game. He lay awake a long time, gazing at the bare rafters above his bed, silver gray in the moonlight that streamed through his uncurtained window, and thinking of this remarkable checker-playing family. He remembered the jovial old man's way of pretending to be in extreme fear, and how he would ejaculate: "Ah! now you've got me!" "Look at that, now! I never expected that." "Now, you have got me," etc., and the way his knotty hand would hover over the board in simulated uncertainty.

He remembered Ernest keeping up a laughing conversation with his mother, and apparently not paying any attention to the game. He remembered Hattie, always watching him with that keen, amused smile, and moving her pieces with the swift, sliding touch of a slim, white hand. Then he wondered why he had never noticed her hands before. Also, he remembered a certain vivid color in her cheeks, and wondered if it showed the same by daylight.

It may have been a week after this evening that Edna Bristol, Hattie's pretty but dull seat-mate, found the day too short for her lessons, and had to "stay after school."

Hattie obtained permission to wait for her, and after every one else had gone she said to the teacher:

"I think you have a checkerboard here, Mr. Field. Won't you show me how to play by numbers?"

The schoolmaster rather shamefacedly got out his board and his books: "Rudiments of Draughts," "Spayth," and

"Robertson," and they played games and variations by the dozen. And pretty Edna seemed to find the atmosphere conducive to study, for she mastered the refractory grammar lesson thoroughly.

The next day Edna said:

"Teacher, I can study after school better than any other time. May I stay to-night?" And so the programme was indefinitely extended.

Now a young man cannot play checkers with a pretty girl night after night without coming to give fully as much attention to her as to the game; consequently the schoolmaster felt as though a great blank spot had moved into his life one afternoon when Hattie, without looking at him, left the house immediately at the close of school.

The following afternoon a big, fresh-faced young fellow, whom the schoolmaster had never before seen, called for Hattie, and took her driving in a very dashing equipage. Edna volunteered an explanation after school. "That's Bill Keeler," she said. "He's Hattie's beau, and he wants her to get married. His mother has promised to give him the farm if he'll get a wife before Christmas."

This news threw the schoolmaster into the sulks. The young farmer visited the school, being received with bashful cordiality by the big boys and girls, and with cold civility by the teacher. He took Hattie to the Thursday evening singing-school, and was driving with her and Edna every day.

This week was one of misery for the schoolmaster, though his checkerboard was some consolation. But sitting alone in the darkening schoolroom, while the snow whirled high around the windows, he would imagine that vivid face, lit by great, luminous eyes, opposite him. Or, as he looked from book to board, he would see the swift flash of a slim, white hand above his own.

The week ended at last, and the young farmer returned to his home.

"He's coming again Christmas," Edna said to the schoolmaster.

Monday evening Hattie stayed after school was dismissed, bending a flushed face over a perfectly recited algebra lesson. After a long silence the schoolmaster said, with stiff dignity:

"I am glad, Miss Bates, that you still retain some interest in your studies."

There was no answer.

"I fail to see," persisted the teacher, "what there is so remarkable in that young fellow that he should take up all your time."

Still no answer.

"Come, tell me, Miss Bates, what on earth is he noted for?"

She looked up sideways into his face. "Pa says," she answered, gravely, "that he is the best checker-player in the county!"

"Can he beat me?"

The question meant a good deal. With a reckless flash of her great gray eyes, and dropping into the Michigan country dialect, which the schoolmaster had labored months to eradicate, she answered:

"'M h'm. Beat the boots off'm you!"

The schoolmaster was furious. He took the checkerboard and flung it into the stove. The books were about to follow, when he felt a little hand laid on his arm, and, turning, saw Hattie, with tears in her eyes. "Don't!" she said. "I should be lonesome without—without the books."

The schoolmaster dropped the books and kissed his pupil.

Then the little hypocrite assumed an air of mighty dignity, and said: "The school laws don't allow that form of punishment!"

"Are you going to marry that fellow?" he asked, peremptorily.

"I don't know."

"Will you marry me?"

With a droll little smile she replied:

"If you please, Mr. Field, that isn't in to-day's lesson."

As that was all the satisfaction he could get, he went to consult with her father.

"Well, Schoolmaster," said the old gentleman, finally, "Hattie has explained the hull thing to me. When Bill is here she thinks she likes him best, and when you're here she sort o' cottons to you most. Now, why don't you and him play a game of checkers to decide it—winner take the girl—eh?"

"I agree to that," replied the teacher.

The proposition was submitted to Hattie, and she, after some consideration, accepted it.

"Now, you mustn't take no advantage of Bill," said the farmer. "He's comin' Christmas eve, an' we'll have the game then, an' the weddin' afterward. You mustn't keep Hattie after school, nor come here to see her till then."

The schoolmaster got a new checkerboard that night, and every evening he studied alone, carefully noting the moves of the great games in his books.

"Science will tell," he said to himself.

"These games were played by champions, and the results are certain as fate."

At last the eventful day came, and at five o'clock the schoolmaster went to the Bates residence.

There was a jolly crowd of neighbors present. The old house was overflowing. Mighty preparations were going on in the kitchen, and the smell of roast turkey and coffee was everywhere.

The minister was there—a nervous little man in an uncomfortable black suit. The teacher's rival came a few minutes later.

Then Farmer Bates took the floor. "Neighbors an' friends," he began oratorically, "I s'pose you know that the schoolmaster and Bill Keeler here are goin' to play a game of checkers for my girl Hattie. Now, I'll 'point Dave Nash an' Uncle Tommy Bilk to be empires, an' you all understand that if any one makes any suggestion on the game it'll all have to be played over. The weddin' 'll be right after the game, an' then we'll have supper. Place your men, empires!"

The rivals were seated, and the board placed between them.

"Here, Hattie," the farmer called, "you set here where they can both see you, an' then they'll know what they're playin' for."

Hattie gave a timid greeting to the two young men, and took the seat indicated. Then the great game began.

The schoolmaster played slowly, relating every move to some game played by the old champions. Bill Keeler played with a dash that had carried him off victor in countless contests.

The spectators crowded around them, breathless at first, then as the game slowly progressed, making whispered comments. One of the older women sang a little, softly, and some one in the background whistled part of a popular air. The "empires" watched the board closely.

It was a great game, and it is a pity that a record of the moves was not kept. When the thirtieth move was made, the old farmer blurted out: "By gum! 't'll be a draw!"

Now the schoolmaster, who was playing the black, was preparing to move 1—5, for his thirty-first move. His hand hovered over the piece, but still he hesitated. Just then Hattie began whistling a queer little tune.

Much surprised the schoolmaster paused.

"Well, Hattie, that is the dumdest tune I ever heard," said her father.

"That is a tune," replied Hattie, slowly and distinctly, "that has fifty-nine variations."

The schoolmaster was just touching the piece, but that word "variations" stopped him. He stole a quick glance at her, but she was looking resolutely at the carpet.

"Must be the tune the old cow died on," laughed the farmer. "Which variation was you whistlin'?"

"I was whistlin' the fourteenth variation," she answered.

The strong color surged up over the schoolmaster's pale face. "The Laird and Lady" had fifty-nine variations given in his book, and there on the board before him was the identical situation that he and Hattie had noticed and studied in the fourteenth variation.

Now he remembered Wyllie's wonderful play of 16—20, and black to win.

Holding his breath, he made the move.

"Lost the game, Schoolmaster!" shouted the old farmer, but the schoolmaster controlled the moves.

Again, 14—23, and every checker-player stared in amazement. Again, 20—27, and then it slowly dawned on them that the teacher had won the game by a series of remarkable moves.

One more move, and then the piece on 2 went the "long jump," removing three pieces and winning the game.

The players rose, and the people crowded around the successful one, with hearty congratulations.

Bill Keeler slipped into the hall unobserved, and after putting on his great overcoat, cap, and huge lambskin mittens, made his way out and started for the stables. As he passed the kitchen door Edna came out and stopped him.

"Are you going home, Mr. Keeler?" she asked.

"Yes; I haven't anything to stay for," he answered.

"You'll be lonesome drivin' that twelve miles, all alone," said Edna, sympathetically.

"Yes," he answered, "considerin' that I expected to take some one with me, it'll be dum' lonesome!"

The contrast between that moonlit drive as he had pictured it to himself and as it would now be, struck him with full force. He pulled his cap over his eyes. His vocabulary was not extensive:

"Dum' it!" he said; and it is doubtful if any fate could have got more than that from him.

"I'm awful sorry for you, Billy," said

Edna, softly; and then he saw that the pretty, foolish creature was crying.

She had thrown a white woolen "diamond-dusted" thing over her head, and her blond hair blew around her face. The sparkling moonlight fell on snow crystals, diamond dust, and tears, making dazzling brilliants of all.

Bill Keeler's mind moved slowly, but when she repeated "I'm awful sorry," he realized that sympathy is a blessed thing. He took her hand—she slipped into his arms.

The small boy who saw this scene from a "proscenium box" behind the rain barrel could never go on from here in his report. "They stood close together," he said afterward, "an' they jest whispered."

"Where on earth is Bill Keeler?" asked Farmer Bates.

"Guess he's gone home," suggested Uncle Tommy.

"Don't let him go!" exclaimed the hospitable farmer. "Here, Ernest, you run an'—" The kitchen door opened, and there in the doorway stood Bill Keeler with his arm around blushing Edna.

"I come for a wife, an' by jing! I guess I got one," was all he said.

There was a double wedding and a supper to be remembered.

Sometimes in these later days, when Professor Field finds his wife's country wit too sharp for him, he says:

"You know you really proposed to me, for if you hadn't helped me to win that game you would have married Billy."

To which she replies, sedately: "It was purely my interest in checkers, dear. I couldn't bear to see a good game lost by a foolish move."

## COL. DENT OF WHITEHAVEN, THE FATHER-IN-LAW OF GENERAL GRANT.

IN illustration of your papers on General U. S. Grant, you give a very good likeness of Col. F. Dent, his father-in-law. I think, however, that your account of Col. Dent gives a wrong impression of his character. I spent the summer of 1858 at Whitehaven. Col. Dent was a remarkable man. He was one of the pioneers of commerce in the Mississippi Valley, and the training of his life made him firm and strong, not "irascible." He had the kindest of hearts, and was justice personified. He, Captain Grant, and myself spent hours at night on the "gallery" of the Whitehaven house, and I, a boy getting my first knowledge of the world, listened eagerly to Captain Grant's discourses, whether narrative, descriptive, or expressive of opinion. When Col. Dent began to talk, Grant became the most attentive of listeners. Col. Dent had been a close observer, and had an excellent knowledge of affairs, and a memory like a written record. Born in the last century, he remembered Washington, who placed his hand on his head and said, "Is this your son, George?" (the elder Dent's name was George), and on receiving an affirmative reply, added, "Ah, he is a fine boy!" Being the first child born in the town of Cumberland, Maryland, he was selected for the ceremony of planting the first stone in the National Road.

Early in the present century he started in life for himself. His commerce on the rivers entailed trips to the Atlantic cities on horseback. Once while east of the Alleghanies, on his way home, he passed a remarkably fine field of corn. At that time but little attention was paid by farmers in the West to selection of seed or breed of stock. Col. Dent jumped over the fence, pulled off two or three of the best ears, and carried them home to St. Louis in his saddle-bags. His farmer planted them the next year, and the product exhibited a still further improvement. All of it was distributed for seed, and this is the origin of the "Dent corn," which you see quoted in the Western markets.

On one of his Eastern trips Col. Dent found leisure to visit the Capital. Pennsylvania Avenue was a mud-hole at that time, and when riding on horseback from Georgetown to the capitol one day, he was passed by the British minister, also mounted, and followed by a single attendant, on his way to call on the President. The minister, either ignorant or careless in his manner of riding, bespattered Col. Dent plentifully with mud. In the course of his ride back to Georgetown, Col. Dent fell in with the minister again. Putting the horse to his best speed, Col. Dent gave a yell like that of a Comanche, pulled a slight turn on the reins, drove the spurs anew into the horse's sides, and splashed by. When he looked back he saw that the debt of the morning had been paid with interest.

"Where were you at the time of the New Madrid earthquake?" I once asked him. "On a flatboat below the mouth of the Ohio," was his reply; and then he continued with a graphic description of the scene. The crew were panic-stricken and, falling on their knees, commenced to pray. Col. Dent, realizing the need of immediate action, ordered them about in a manner beside which the movements of the earthquake seemed insignificant, and soon had them hard at work with their oars. The consequence was that his boat was saved, while many others were lost.

Col. Dent acquired title to many small tracts of land near St. Louis—perhaps five hundred acres within five or six miles of the Court House. But all were wrested from him by legal process, on the plea of defective title. On the Whitehaven estate he lived the typical life of the Southern gentleman. He owned a few families of slaves, and was a kind and just master.

THOMAS SHARP.

# ST. IVES.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER—SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Viscount Anne de St. Ives, under the name of Champdivers, while held a prisoner of war in Edinburgh Castle, attracts the attention and sympathy of an aristocratic Scotch maiden, Flora Gilchrist, who, out of curiosity, visits the prisoners, attended by her brother Ronald. On her account St. Ives kills a comrade, Goguelat, in a duel, fought secretly in the night, with the divided blades of a pair of scissors. An officer of the prison, Major Chevenix, with whom St. Ives is in social relations, discovers the secret of the duel and of St. Ives's interest in the young lady; and while at present he respects it, there are intimations that it might be in safer keeping. St. Ives is visited by Daniel Romaine, the solicitor of his rich uncle, the Count de Kéroual, and learns that his cousin, Alain de St. Ives, hitherto regarded as the uncle's heir, is out of favor. Romaine gives him money; urges him, if possible, to escape from prison, in order to pay his uncle, now near dying, a visit; and advises that, in his flight, he make his way to one Burchell Fenn, who may serve him. The escape is soon after made, in company with a number of comrades. St. Ives steals out to Swanston Cottage, where Flora Gilchrist and her brother live with an aunt, and is kindly concealed by Flora in the hen-house.

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### CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE HEN-HOUSE.

I WAS half an hour at least in the society of these distressing bipeds, and alone with my own reflections and necessities. I was in great pain of my flayed hands, and had nothing to treat them with; I was hungry and thirsty, and had nothing to eat or to drink; I was thoroughly tired, and there was no place for me to sit. To be sure there was the floor, but nothing could be imagined less inviting.

At the sound of approaching footsteps, my good humour was restored. The key rattled in the lock, and Master Ronald entered, closed the door behind him, and leaned his back to it.

"I say, you know!" he said, and shook a sullen young head.

"I know it's a liberty," said I.

"It's infernally awkward; my position is infernally embarrassing," said he.

"Well," said I, "and what do you think of mine?"

This seemed to pose him entirely, and he remained gazing upon me with a convincing air of youth and innocence. I could have laughed, but I was not so inhumane.

"I am in your hands," said I, with a little gesture. "You must do with me what you think right."

"Ah, yes!" he cried: "if I knew!"

"You see," said I, "it would be different if you had received your commission. Properly speaking, you are not yet a combatant; I have ceased to be one; and I think it arguable that we are just in the position of one ordinary gentleman to another, where friendship usually comes before the law. Observe, I only say *arguable*. For God's sake, don't think I wish to dictate an opinion. These are the sort of nasty little businesses, inseparable from war, which every gentleman must decide for himself. If I were in your place—"

"Ay, what would you do, then?" says he.

"Upon my word, I do not know," said I. "Hesitate, as you are doing, I believe."

"I will tell you," he said. "I have a kinsman, and it is what *he* would think that I am thinking. It is General Graham of Lynedoch—Sir Thomas Graham. I scarcely know him, but I believe I admire him more than I do God."

"I admire him a good deal myself," said I, "and have good reason to. I have fought with him, been beaten, and run away. *Veni, victus sum, evasi.*"

"What!" he cried. "You were at Barossa?"

"There and back, which many could not say," said I. "It was a pretty affair and a hot one, and the Spaniards behaved abominably, as they usually did in a pitched field; the Marshal Duke of Belluna

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made a fool of himself, and not for the first time; and your friend Sir Thomas had the best of it, so far as there was any best. He is a brave and ready officer."

"Now, then, you will understand!" said the boy. "I wish to please Sir Thomas: what would he do?"

"Well, I can tell you a story," said I, "a true one too, and about this very combat of Chiclana, or Barossa as you call it. I was in the Eighth of the Line; we lost the eagle of the First Battalion, more betoken, but it cost you dear. Well, we had repulsed more charges than I care to count, when your 87th Regiment came on at a foot's pace, very slow but very steady; in front of them a mounted officer, his hat in his hand, white-haired, and talking very quietly to the battalions. Our major, Vigo-Roussillon, set spurs to his horse and galloped out to sabre him, but seeing him an old man, very handsome, and as composed as if he were in a coffee-house, lost heart and galloped back again. Only, you see, they had been very close together for the moment, and looked each other in the eyes. Soon after the major was wounded, taken prisoner, and carried into Cadiz. One fine day they announced to him the visit of the general, Sir Thomas Graham. 'Well, sir,' said the general, taking him by the hand, 'I think we were face to face upon the field.' It was the white-haired officer!"

"Ah!" cried the boy,—his eyes were burning.

"Well, and here is the point," I continued. "Sir Thomas fed the major from his own table from that day, and served him with six covers."

"Yes, it is a beautiful—a beautiful story," said Ronald. "And yet somehow it is not the same—is it?"

"I admit it freely," said I.

The boy stood awhile brooding. "Well, I take my risk of it," he cried. "I believe it's treason to my sovereign—I believe there is an infamous punishment for such a crime—and yet I'm hanged if I can give you up."

I was as much moved as he. "I could almost beg you to do otherwise," I said. "I was a brute to come to you, a brute and coward. You are a noble enemy; you will make a noble soldier." And with rather a happy idea of a compliment for this warlike youth, I stood up straight and gave him the salute.

He was for a moment confused; his face flushed. "Well, well, I must be getting you something to eat, but it will not be for six," he added, with a smile: "only what we can get smuggled out. There is my aunt in the road, you see," and he locked me in again with the indignant hens.

I always smile when I recall that young fellow; and yet, if the reader were to smile also, I should feel ashamed. If my son shall be only like him when he comes to that age, it will be a brave day for me and not a bad one for France.

At the same time I cannot pretend that I was sorry when his sister succeeded in his place. She brought me a few crusts of bread and a jug of milk, which she had handsomely laced with whisky after the Scottish manner.

"I am so sorry," she said, "I dared not bring you anything more. We are so small a family, and my aunt keeps such an eye upon the servants. I have put some whisky in the milk—it is more wholesome so—and with eggs you will be able to make something of a meal. How many eggs will you be wanting to that milk? for I must be taking the others to my aunt—that is my excuse for being here. I should think three or four. Do you know how to beat them in? or shall I do it?"

Willing to detain her a while longer in the hen-house, I displayed my bleeding palms; at which she cried out aloud.

"My dear Miss Flora, you cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs," said I; "and it is no bagatelle to escape from Edinburgh Castle. One of us, I think, was even killed."

"And you are as white as a rag, too," she exclaimed, "and can hardly stand. Here is my shawl; sit down upon it here in the corner, and I will beat your eggs. See, I have brought a fork too; I should have been a good person to take care of Jacobites or Covenanters in old days! You shall have more to eat this evening; Ronald is to bring it you from town. We have money enough, although no food that we can call our own. Ah, if Ronald and I kept house, you should not be lying in this shed! He admires you so much."

"My dear friend," said I, "for God's sake do not embarrass me with more alms. I loved to receive them from that hand, so long as they were needed; but they are so no more, and whatever else I may lack—and I lack everything—it is not money." I pulled out my sheaf of notes and detached the top one: it was written for ten pounds, and signed by that very famous individual, Abraham Newlands. "Oblige me, as you would like me to oblige your brother if the parts were reversed, and take

this note for the expenses. I shall need not only food, but clothes."

"Lay it on the ground," said she. "I must not stop my beating."

"You are not offended?" I exclaimed.

She answered me by a look that was a reward in itself, and seemed to imply the most heavenly offers for the future. There was in it a shadow of reproach, and such warmth of communicative cordiality as left me speechless. I watched her instead till her hens' milk was ready.

"Now," said she, "taste that."

I did so, and swore it was nectar. She collected her eggs, and crouched in front of me to watch me eat. There was about this tall young lady at the moment an air of motherliness delicious to behold. I am like the English general, and to this day I still wonder at my moderation.

"What sort of clothes will you be wanting?" said she.

"The clothes of a gentleman," said I. "Right or wrong, I think it is the part I am best qualified to play. Mr. St. Ives (for that's to be my name upon the journey) I conceive as rather a theatrical figure, and his make-up should be to match."

"And yet there is a difficulty," said she. "If you got coarse clothes the fit would hardly matter. But the clothes of a fine gentleman—oh, it is absolutely necessary that these should fit! And above all, with your"—she paused a moment—"to our ideas, somewhat noticeable manners."

"Alas for my poor manners!" said I. "But, my dear friend Flora, these little noticeabilities are just what mankind has to suffer under. Yourself, you see, you're very noticeable even when you come in a crowd to visit poor prisoners in the Castle."

I was afraid I should frighten my good angel visitant away, and without the smallest breath of pause went on to add a few directions as to stuffs and colors.

She opened big eyes upon me. "Oh, Mr. St. Ives!" she cried—"if that is to be your name—I do not say they would not be becoming; but for a journey, do you think they would be wise? I am afraid"—she gave a pretty break of laughter—"I am afraid they would be daft-like!"

"Well, and am I not daft?" I asked her.

"I do begin to think you are," said she.

"There it is, then!" said I. "I have been long enough a figure of fun. Can you not feel with me that perhaps the bitterest thing in this captivity has been the clothes? Make me a captive—bind me with chains if you like—but let me be still myself. You do not know what it is to be a walking travesty—among foes," I added, bitterly.

"Oh, but you are too unjust!" she cried. "You speak as though any one ever dreamed of laughing at you. But no one did. We were all pained to the heart. Even my aunt—though sometimes I do think she was not quite in good taste—you should have seen her and heard her at home. She took so much interest. Every patch in your clothes made us sorry; it should have been a sister's work."

"That is what I never had—a sister," said I. "But since you say that I did not make you laugh—"

"Oh, Mr, St. Ives! never!" she exclaimed. "Not for one moment. It was all too sad. To see a gentleman—"

"In the clothes of a harlequin, and begging?" I suggested.

"To see a gentleman in distress, and nobly supporting it," she said.

"And do you not understand, my fair foe," said I, "that even if all were as you say—even if you had thought my travesty were becoming—I should be only the more anxious, for my sake, for my country's sake, and for the sake of your kindness, that you should see him whom you have helped as God meant him to be seen? that you should have something to remember him by at least more characteristic than a misfitting sulphur-yellow suit and half a week's beard?"

"You think a great deal too much of clothes," she said. "I am not that kind of girl."

"And I am afraid I am that kind of a man," said I. "But do not think of me too harshly for that. I talked just now of something to remember by. I have many of them myself, of these beautiful reminders, of these keepsakes, that I cannot be parted from until I lose memory and life. Many of them are great things, many of them are high virtues—charity, mercy, faith. But some of them are trivial enough. Miss Flora, do you remember the day that I first saw you, the day of the strong east wind? Miss Flora, shall I tell you what you wore?"

We had both risen to our feet, and she had her hand already on the door to go. Perhaps this attitude emboldened me to profit by the last seconds of our interview; and it certainly rendered her escape the more easy.

"Oh, you are too romantic!" she said,

laughing; and with that my sun was blown out, my enchantress had fled away, and I was again left alone in the twilight with the lady hens.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THREE IS COMPANY, AND FOUR NONE.

THE rest of the day I slept in the corner of the hen-house upon Flora's shawl. Nor did I awake until a light shone suddenly in my eyes, and starting up with a gasp (for, indeed, at the moment I dreamed I was still swinging from the Castle battlements) found Ronald bending over me with a lantern. It appeared it was past midnight, that I had slept about sixteen hours, and that Flora had returned her poultry to the shed and I had heard her not. I could not but wonder if she had stooped to look at me as I slept. The puritan hens now slept irremediably; and being cheered with the promise of supper I wished them an ironical good-night, and was lighted across the garden and noiselessly admitted to a bedroom on the ground floor of the cottage. There I found soap, water, razors —offered me diffidently by my beardless host—and an outfit of new clothes. To be shaved again without depending on the barber of the gaol was a source of a delicious, if a childish joy. My hair was sadly too long, but I was none so unwise as to make an attempt on it myself. And, indeed, I thought it did not wholly misbecome me as it was, being by nature curly. The clothes were about as good as I expected. The waistcoat was of toilenet, a pretty piece, the trousers of fine kerseymere, and the coat sat extraordinarily well. Altogether, when I beheld this changeling in the glass, I kissed my hand to him.

"My dear fellow," said I, "have you no scent?"

"Indeed, no!" cried Ronald. "What do you want of scent?"

"Capital thing on a campaign," said I. "But I can do without."

I was now led, with the same precautions against noise, into the little bow-windowed dining-room of the cottage. The shutters were up, the lamp guiltily turned low; the beautiful Flora greeted me in a whisper; and when I was set down to table, the pair proceeded to help me with precautions that might have seemed excessive in the Ear of Dionysius.

"She sleeps up there," observed the boy, pointing to the ceiling; and the knowledge that I was so imminently near to the resting-place of that gold eyeglass touched even myself with some uneasiness.

Our excellent youth had imported from the city a meat pie, and I was glad to find it flanked with a decanter of really admirable wine of Oporto. While I ate, Ronald entertained me with the news of the city, which had naturally rung all day with our escape; troops and mounted messengers had followed each other forth at all hours and in all directions; but according to the last intelligence no recapture had been made. Opinion in town was very favorable to us: our courage was applauded, and many professed regret that our ultimate chance of escape should be so small. The man who had fallen was one Sombref, a peasant; he was one who slept in a different part of the Castle; and I was thus assured that the whole of my former companions had attained their liberty and Shed A was untenanted.

From this we wandered insensibly into other topics. It is impossible to exaggerate the pleasure I took to be thus sitting at the same table with Flora, in the clothes of a gentleman, at liberty and in the full possession of my spirits and resources; of all of which I had need, because it was necessary that I should support at the same time two opposite characters, and at once play the cavalier and lively soldier for the eyes of Ronald, and to the ears of Flora maintain the same profound and sentimental note that I had already sounded. Certainly there are days when all goes well with a man; when his wit, his digestion, his mistress are in a conspiracy to spoil him, and even the weather smiles upon his wishes. I will only say of myself upon that evening that I surpassed my expectations and was privileged to delight my hosts. Little by little they forgot their terrors and I my caution; until at last we were brought back to earth by a catastrophe that might very easily have been foreseen, but was not the less astonishing to us when it occurred.

I had filled all the glasses. "I have a toast to propose," I whispered, "or rather three, but all so inextricably interwoven that they will not bear dividing. I wish first to drink to the health of a brave and therefore a generous enemy. He found me disarmed, a fugitive, and helpless. Like the lion, he disdained so poor a triumph; and when he might have vindicated an easy valour, he preferred to make a friend. I wish that we should next drink to a fairer and a more tender foe. She found me in

prison; she cheered me with a priceless sympathy; what she has done since, I know she has done in mercy, and I only pray—I dare scarce hope—her mercy may prove to have been merciful. And I wish to conjoin with these, for the first and perhaps the last time, the health—and I fear I may already say the memory—of one who has fought, not always without success, against the soldiers of your nation; but who came here, vanquished already, only to be vanquished again by the loyal hand of the one, by the unforgetable eyes of the other."

It is to be feared I may have lent at times a certain resonancy to my voice; it is to be feared that Ronald, who was none the better for his own hospitality, may have set down his glass with something of a clang. Whatever may have been the cause, at least I had scarce finished my compliment before we were aware of a thump upon the ceiling overhead. It was to be thought some very solid body had descended to the floor from the level (possibly) of a bed. I have never seen consternation painted in more lively colors than on the faces of my hosts. It was proposed to smuggle me forth into the garden, or to conceal my form under a horsehair sofa which stood against the wall. For the first expedient, as was now plain by the approaching footsteps, there was no longer time; from the second I recoiled with indignation.

"My dear creatures," said I, "let us die, but do not let us be ridiculous."

The words were still upon my lips when the door opened and my friend of the gold eyeglass appeared, a memorable figure, on the threshold. In one hand she bore a bedroom candlestick; in the other, with the steadiness of a dragoon, a horse-pistol. She was wound about in shawls which did not wholly conceal the candid fabric of her nightdress, and surmounted by a nightcap of portentous architecture. Thus accoutred, she made her entrance; laid down the candle and pistol, as no longer called for; looked about the room with a silence more eloquent than oaths; and then, in a thrilling voice—"To whom have I the pleasure?" she said, addressing me with a ghost of a bow.

"Madam, I am charmed, I am sure," said I. "The story is a little long; and our meeting, however welcome, was for the moment entirely unexpected by myself. I am sure—" but here I found I was quite sure of nothing, and tried again. "I have the honor," I began, and found I had the honor to be only exceedingly confused. With that, I threw myself outright upon her mercy. "Madam, I must be more frank with you," I resumed. "You have already proved your charity and compassion for the French prisoners. I am one of these; and if my appearance be not too much changed, you may even yet recognize in me that *Oddity* who had the good fortune more than once to make you smile."

Still gazing upon me through her glass, she uttered an uncompromising grunt; and then, turning to her niece—"Flora," said she, "how comes he here?"

The culprits poured out for a while an antiphony of explanations, which died out at last in a miserable silence.

"I think at least you might have told your aunt," she snorted.

"Madam," I interposed, "they were about to do so. It is my fault if it be not done already. But I made it my prayer that your slumbers might be respected, and this necessary formula of my presentation should be delayed until to-morrow in the morning."

The old lady regarded me with undissembled incredulity, to which I was able to find no better repartee than a profound and, I trust, graceful reverence.

"French prisoners are very well in their place," she said, "but I cannot see that their place is in my private dining-room."

"Madam," said I, "I hope it may be said without offence, but (except the Castle of Edinburgh) I cannot think upon the spot from which I would so readily be absent."

At this, to my relief, I thought I could perceive a vestige of a smile to steal upon that iron countenance and to be bitten immediately in.

"And if it is a fair question, what do they call ye?" she asked.

"At your service, the Vicomte Anne de St.-Yves," said I.

"Mosha the Viscount," said she, "I am afraid you do us plain people a great deal too much honor."

"My dear lady," said I, "let us be serious for a moment. What was I to do? Where was I to go? And how can you be angry with these benevolent children, who took pity on one so unfortunate as myself? Your humble servant is no such terrific adventurer that you should come out against him with horse-pistols and"—smiling—"bedroom candlesticks. It is but a young gentleman in extreme distress, hunted upon every side, and asking no

more than to escape from his pursuers. I know your character, I read it in your face"—the heart trembled in my body as I said these daring words. "There are unhappy English prisoners in France, at this day, perhaps at this hour. Perhaps at this hour they kneel as I do; they take the hand of her who might conceal or assist them; they press it to their lips as I do—"

"Here, here!" cried the old lady, breaking from my solicitations. "Behave yourself before folk! Saw ever any one the match of that? And on earth, my dears, what are we to do with him?"

"Pack him off, my dear lady," said I: 'pack off the impudent fellow double-quick! And if it may be, and your good heart allows it, help him a little on the way he has to go."

"What's this pie?" she cried stridently. "Where is this pie from, Flora?"

No answer was vouchsafed by my unfortunate and (I may say) extinct accomplices.

"Is that my port?" she pursued. "Hough! Will somebody give me a glass of my port wine?"

I made haste to serve her.

She looked at me over the rim with an extraordinary expression. "I hope ye liked it?" said she.

"It is even a magnificent wine," said I.

"Awell, it was my father laid it down," she said. "There were few knew more about port wine than my father, God rest him!" She settled herself in a chair with an alarming air of resolution. "And so there is some particular direction that you wish to go in?" said she.

"Oh," said I, following her example, "I am by no means such a vagrant as you suppose. I have good friends, if I could get to them, for which all I want is to be once clear of Scotland; and I have money for the road." And I produced my bundle.

"English bank-notes?" she said. "That's not very handy for Scotland. It's been some fool of an Englishman that's given you these, I'm thinking. How much is it?"

"I declare to heaven I never thought to count!" I exclaimed. "But that is soon remedied."

And I counted out ten notes of ten pound each, all in the name of Abraham Newlands, and five bills of country bankers for as many guineas.

"One hundred and twenty-six pound five," cried the old lady. "And you carry such a sum about you, and have not so much as counted it! If you are not a thief, you must allow you are very thief-like."

"And yet, madam, the money is legitimately mine," said I.

She took one of the bills and held it up. "Is there any probability, now, that this could be traced?" she asked.

"None, I should suppose; and if it were, it would be no matter," said I. "With your usual penetration, you guessed right. An Englishman brought it me. It reached me, through the hands of his English solicitor, from my great-uncle, the Comte de Këroual de St.-Yves, I believe the richest *émigré* in London."

"I can do no more than take your word for it," said she.

"And I trust, madam, not less," said I.

"Well," said she, "at this rate the matter may be feasible. I will cash one of these five-guinea bills, less the exchange, and give you silver and Scots notes to bear you as far as the border. Beyond that, Mosha the Viscount, you will have to depend upon yourself."

I could not but express a civil hesitation as to whether the amount would suffice, in my case, for so long a journey.

"Ay," said she, "but you have nae heard me out. For if you are not too fine a gentleman to travel with a pair of drovers, I believe I have found the very thing, and the Lord forgive me for a treasonable old wife! There are a couple stopping up-by with the shepherd-man at the farm; to-morrow they will take the road for England, probably by skriegh of day—and in my opinion you had best be traveling with the stots," said she.

"For heaven's sake, do not suppose me to be so effeminate a character!" I cried. "An old soldier of Napoleon is certainly beyond suspicion. But, dear lady, to what end? and how is the society of these excellent gentlemen supposed to help me?"

"My dear sir," said she, "you do not at all understand your own predicament, and must just leave your matters in the hands of those who do. I daresay you have never even heard tell of the drove-roads or the drovers; and I am certainly not going to sit up all night to explain it to you. Suffice it, that it is me who is arranging this affair—the more shame to me!—and that is the way ye have to go. Ronald," she continued, "away up-by to the shepherds; rowst them out of their beds, and make it perfectly distinct that Sim is not to leave till he has seen *me*."

Ronald was nothing loath to escape from his aunt's neighborhood, and left the room and the cottage with a silent expedition that was more like flight than mere obedience. Meanwhile the old lady turned to her niece.

"And I would like to know what we are to do with him the night!" she cried.

"Ronald and I meant to put him in the hen-house," said the encrimsoned Flora.

"And I can tell you he is to go to no such a place," replied the aunt. "Hen-house, indeed! If a guest he is to be, he shall sleep in no mortal hen-house. Your room is the most fit, I think, if he will consent to occupy it on so great a suddenty. And as for you, Flora, you shall sleep with me."

I could not help admiring the prudence and tact of this old dowager, and of course it was not for me to make objections. Ere I well knew how, I was alone with a flat candlestick, which is not the most sympathetic of companions, and stood studying the snuff in a frame of mind between triumph and chagrin. All had gone well with my flight: the masterful lady who had arrogated to herself the arrangement of the details gave me every confidence; and I saw myself already arriving at my uncle's door. But, alas! it was another story with my love affair. I had seen and spoken with her alone; I had ventured boldly; I had been not ill received; I had seen her change color, had enjoyed the undissembled kindness of her eyes; and now, in a moment, down comes upon the scene that apocalyptic figure with the nightcap and the horse-pistol, and with the very wind of her coming behold me separated from my love! Gratitude and admiration contended in my breast with the extreme of natural rancor. My appearance in her house at past midnight had an air (I could not disguise it from myself) that was insolent and underhand and could not but minister to the worst suspicions. And the old lady had taken it well. Her generosity was no more to be called in question than her courage, and I was afraid that her intelligence would be found to match. Certainly, Miss Flora had to support some shrewd looks, and certainly she had been troubled. I could see but the one way before me: to profit by an excellent bed, to try to sleep soon, to be stirring early, and to hope for some renewed occasion in the morning. To have said so much and to say no more, to go out into the world upon so half-hearted a parting, was more than I could accept.

It is my belief that the benevolent fiend sat up all night to balk me. She was at my bedside with a candle long ere day, roused me, laid out for me a damnable misfit of clothes, and bade me pack my own (which were wholly unsuited to the journey) in a bundle. Sore grudging, I arrayed myself in a suit of some country fabric, as delicate as sackcloth and about as becoming as a shroud; and, on coming forth, found the dragon had prepared for me a hearty breakfast. She took the head of the table, poured out the tea, and entertained me as I ate with a great deal of good sense and a conspicuous lack of charm. How often did I not regret the change!—how often compare her, and condemn her in the comparison, with her charming niece! But if my entertainer was not beautiful, she had certainly been busy in my interest. Already she was in communication with my destined fellow-travelers; and the device on which she had struck appeared entirely suitable. I was a young Englishman who had outrun the constable; warrants were out against me in Scotland, and it had become needful I should pass the border without loss of time, and privately.

"I have given a very good account of you," said she, "which I hope you may justify. I told them there was nothing against you beyond the fact that you were put to the haw (if that is the right word) for debt."

"I pray God you have the expression incorrectly, ma'am," said I. "I do not give myself out for a person easily alarmed; but you must admit there is something barbarous and mediæval in the sound, well qualified to startle a poor foreigner."

"It is the name of a process in Scots law, and need alarm no honest man," said she. "But you are a very idle-minded young gentleman; you must still have your joke, I see: I only hope you will have no cause to regret it."

"I pray you not to suppose, because I speak lightly, that I do not feel deeply," said I. "Your kindness has quite conquered me; I lay myself at your disposition, I beg you to believe, with real tenderness; I pray you to consider me from henceforth as the most devoted of your friends."

"Well, well," she said, "here comes your devoted friend the drover. I'm thinking he will be eager for the road; and I will not be easy myself till I see you well off the premises, and the dishes washed, before my servant-woman wakes. Praise

God, we have gotten one that is a treasure at the sleeping!"

The morning was already beginning to be blue in the trees of the garden, and to put to shame the candle by which I had breakfasted. The lady rose from table, and I had no choice but to follow her example. All the time I was beating my brains for any means by which I should be able to get a word apart with Flora, or find the time to write her a billet. The windows had been open while I breakfasted, I suppose to ventilate the room from any traces of my passage there; and, Master Ronald appearing on the front lawn, my ogre leaned forth to address him.

"Ronald," she said, "wasn't that Sim that went by the wall?"

I snatched my advantage. Right at her back there was pen, ink, and paper laid out. I wrote: "I love you"; and before I had time to write more, or so much as to blot what I had written, I was again under the guns of the gold eyeglasses.

"It's time," she began; and then, as she observed my occupation, "Umph!" she broke off. "Ye have something to write?" she demanded.

"Some notes, madam," said I, bowing with alacrity.

"Notes," she said; "or a note?"

"There is doubtless some *finesse* of the English language that I do not comprehend," said I.

"I'll contrive, however, to make my meaning very plain to ye, Mosha le Viscount," she continued. "I suppose you desire to be considered a gentleman?"

"Can you doubt it, madam?" said I.

"I doubt very much, at least, whether you go to the right way about it," she said. "You have come here to me, I cannot very well say how; I think you will admit you owe me some thanks, if it was only for the breakfast I made ye. But what are you to me? A waif young man, not so far to seek for looks and manners, with some English notes in your pocket and a price upon your head. I am a lady; I have been your hostess, with however little will; and I desire that this random acquaintance of yours with my family will cease and determine."

I believe I must have colored. "Madam," said I, "the notes are of no importance; and your least pleasure ought certainly to be my law. You have felt, and you have been pleased to express, a doubt of me. I tear them up." Which you may be sure I did thoroughly.

"There's a good lad!" said the dragon, and immediately led the way to the front lawn.

The brother and sister were both waiting us here, and, as well as I could make out in the imperfect light, bore every appearance of having passed through a rather cruel experience. Ronald seemed ashamed to so much as catch my eye in the presence of his aunt, and was the picture of embarrassment. As for Flora, she had scarce the time to cast me one look before the dragon took her by the arm, and began to march across the garden in the extreme first glimmer of the dawn without exchanging speech. Ronald and I followed in equal silence.

There was a door in that same high wall on the top of which I had sat perched no longer gone than yesterday morning. This the old lady set open with a key; and on the other side we were aware of a rough-looking, thick-set man, leaning with his arms (through which was passed a formidable staff) on a dry-stone dyke. Him the old lady immediately addressed.

"Sim," said she, "this is the young gentleman."

Sim replied with an inarticulate grumble of sound, and a movement of one arm and his head, which did duty for a salutation.

"Now, Mr. St. Ives," said the old lady, "it's high time for you to be taking the road. But first of all let me give you the change of your five-guinea bill. Here are four pounds of it in British linen notes, and the balance in small silver, less sixpence. Some charge a shilling, I believe, but I have given you the benefit of the doubt. See and guide it with all the sense that you possess."

"And here, Mr. St. Ives," said Flora, speaking for the first time, "is a plaid which you will find quite necessary on so rough a journey. I hope you will take it from the hands of a Scotch friend," she added, and her voice trembled.

"Genuine holly: I cut it myself," said Ronald, and gave me as good a cudgel as a man could wish for in a row.

The formality of these gifts, and the waiting figure of the drover, told me loudly that I must be gone. I dropped on one knee and bade farewell to the aunt, kissing her hand. I did the like—but with how different a passion!—to her niece; as for the boy, I took him to my arms and embraced him with a cordiality that seemed to strike him speechless. "Farewell!" and "Farewell!" I said. "I shall never forget my friends. Keep me sometimes in

memory. Farewell!" With that I turned my back and began to walk away; and had scarce done so, when I heard the door in the high wall close behind me. Of course this was the aunt's doing; and of course, if I know anything of human character, she would not let me go without some tart expressions. I declare, even if I had heard them, I should not have minded in the least, for I was quite persuaded that, whatever admirers I might be leaving behind me in Swanston Cottage, the aunt was not the least sincere.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE DROVERS.

It took me a little effort to come abreast of my new companion; for though he walked with an ugly roll and no great appearance of speed, he could cover the ground at a good rate when he wanted. Each looked at the other: I with natural curiosity, he with a great appearance of distaste. I have heard since that his heart was entirely set against me; he had seen me kneel to the ladies, and diagnosed me for a "gesterin' eediot."

"So, ye're for England, are ye?" said he.

I told him yes.

"Weel, there's waur places, I believe," was his reply; and he relapsed into a silence which was not broken during a quarter of an hour of steady walking.

This interval brought us to the foot of a bare green valley, which wound upwards and backwards among the hills. A little stream came down the midst and made a succession of clear pools; near by the lowest of which I was aware of a drove of shaggy cattle, and a man who seemed the very counterpart of Mr. Sim, making a breakfast upon bread and cheese. This second drover (whose name proved to be Candlish) rose on our approach.

"Here's a mannie that's to gang through with us," said Sim. "It was the auld wife, Gilchrist, wanted it."

"Aweel, aweel," said the other; and presently, remembering his manners, and looking on me with a solemn grin, "A fine day!" says he.

I agreed with him, and asked him how he did.

"Brawly," was the reply; and without further civilities, the pair proceeded to get the cattle under way. This, as well as almost all the herding, was the work of a pair of comely and intelligent dogs, directed by Sim or Candlish in little more than monosyllables. Presently we were ascending the side of the mountain by a rude green track, whose presence I had not hitherto observed. A continual sound of munching and the crying of a great quantity of moor-birds accompanied our progress, which the deliberate pace and perennial appetite of the cattle rendered wearisomely slow. In the midst my two conductors marched in a contented silence that I could not but admire. The more I looked at them, the more I was impressed by their absurd resemblance to each other. They were dressed in the same coarse homespun, carried similar sticks, were equally begrimed about the nose with snuff, and each wound in an identical plaid of what is called the shepherd's tartan. In a back view they might be described as indistinguishable; and even from the front were much alike. An incredible coincidence of humors augmented the impression. Thrice and four times I attempted to pave the way for some exchange of thought, sentiment, or—at the least of it—human words. An *Ay* or a *Nhm* was the sole return, and the topic died on the hillside without echo. I can never deny that I was chagrined; and when, after a little more walking, Sim turned towards me and offered me a ram's horn of snuff, with the question, "Do ye use it?" I answered with some animation, "Faith, sir, I would use pepper to introduce a little cordiality." But even this sally failed to reach, or at least failed to soften, my companions.

At this rate we came to the summit of a ridge, and saw the track descend in front of us abruptly into a desert vale, about a league in length, and closed at the farther end by no less barren hilltops. Upon this point of vantage Sim came to a halt, took off his hat, and mopped his brow.

"Weel," he said, "here we're at the top o' Howden."

"The top o' Howden, sure eneuch," said Candlish.

"Mr. St. Ivey, are ye dry?" said the first.

"Now, really," said I, "is not this Satan reproving sin?"

"What ails ye, man?" said he. "I'm offerin' ye a dram."

"Oh, if it be anything to drink," said I, "I am as dry as my neighbors."

Whereupon Sim produced from the corner of his plaid a black bottle, and we all drank and pledged each other. I found these gentlemen followed upon such occa-

sions an invariable etiquette, which you may be certain I made haste to imitate. Each wiped his mouth with the back of his left hand, held up the bottle in his right, remarked with emphasis, "Here's to ye!" and swallowed as much of the spirit as his fancy prompted. This little ceremony, which was the nearest thing to manners I could perceive in either of my companions, was repeated at becoming intervals, generally after an ascent. Occasionally we swallowed a mouthful of ewe-milk cheese and an inglorious form of bread, which I understood (but am far from engaging my honor on the point) to be called "shearer's bannock." And that may be said to have concluded our whole active intercourse for the first day.

I had the more occasion to remark the extraordinarily desolate nature of that country, through which the drove road continued, hour after hour and even day after day, to wind. A continual succession of insignificant shaggy hills, divided by the course of ten thousand brooks, through which we had to wade, or by the side of which we encamped at night; infinite perspectives of heather, infinite quantities of moor-fowl; here and there, by a stream side, small and pretty clumps of willows or the silver birch; here and there, the ruins of ancient and inconsiderable fortresses—made the unchanging characters of the scene. Occasionally, but only in the distance, we could perceive the smoke of a small town or of an isolated farmhouse or cottage on the moors; more often, a flock of sheep and its attendant shepherd, or a rude field of agriculture perhaps not yet harvested. With these alleviations, we might almost be said to pass through an unbroken desert—sure, one of the most impoverished in Europe; and when I recalled to mind that we were yet but a few leagues from the chief city (where the law courts sat every day with a press of business, soldiers garrisoned the castle, and men of admitted parts were carrying on the practice of letters and the investigations of science), it gave me a singular view of that poor, barren, and yet illustrious country through which I traveled. Still more, perhaps, did it commend the wisdom of Miss Gilchrist in sending me with these uncouth companions and by this unfrequented path.

My itinerary is by no means clear to me; the names and distances I never clearly knew, and have now wholly forgotten; and this is the more to be regretted as there is no doubt that, in the course of those days, I must have passed and camped among sites which have been rendered illustrious by the pen of Walter Scott. Nay, more, I am of opinion that I was still more favored by fortune, and have actually met and spoken with that inimitable author. Our encounter was of a tall, stoutish, elderly gentleman, a little grizzled, and of a rugged but cheerful and engaging countenance. He sat on a hill pony, wrapped in a plaid over his green coat, and was accompanied by a horsewoman, his daughter, a young lady of the most charming appearance. They overtook us on a stretch of heath, reined up as they came alongside, and accompanied us for perhaps a quarter of an hour before they galloped off again across the hillsides to our left. Great was my amazement to find the unconquerable Mr. Sim thaw immediately on the accost of this strange gentleman, who hailed him with a ready familiarity, proceeded at once to discuss with him the trade of droving and the prices of cattle, and did not disdain to take a pinch from the inevitable ram's horn. Presently I was aware that the stranger's eye was directed on myself; and there ensued a conversation, some of which I could not help overhearing at the time, and the rest have pieced together more or less plausibly from the report of Sim.

"Surely that must be an *amateur drover* ye have gotten there?" the gentleman seems to have asked.

Sim replied, I was a young gentleman that had a reason of his own to travel privately.

"Well, well, ye must tell me nothing of that. I am in the law, you know, and *tace* is the Latin for a candle," answered the gentleman. "But I hope it's nothing bad."

Sim told him it was no more than debt.

"Oh, Lord, if that be all!" cried the gentleman; and, turning to myself, "Well, sir," he added, "I understand you are taking a tramp through our forest here for the pleasure of the thing?"

"Why, yes, sir," said I; "and I must say I am very well entertained."

"I envy you," said he. "I have jogged many miles of it myself when I was younger. My youth lies buried about here under every heather-bush, like the soul of the licentiate Lucius. But you should have a guide. The pleasure of this country is much in the legends, which grow as plentiful as blackberries." And directing my attention to a little fragment of a broken wall no greater than a tomb-

stone, he told me, for an example, a story of its earlier inhabitants. Years after it chanced that I was one day diverting myself with a Waverley Novel, when what should I come upon but the identical narrative of my green-coated gentleman upon the moors! In a moment the scene, the tones of his voice, his northern accent, and the very aspect of the earth and sky and temperature of the weather, flashed back into my mind with the reality of dreams. The unknown in the green coat had been the Great Unknown! I had met Scott; I had heard a story from his lips; I should have been able to write, to claim acquaintance, to tell him that his legend still tingled in my ears. But the discovery came too late, and the great man had already succumbed under the load of his honors and misfortunes.

Presently, after giving us a cigar apiece, Scott bade us farewell and disappeared with his daughter over the hills. And when I applied to Sim for information, his answer of "The Shirra, man! A'body kens the Shirra!" told me, unfortunately, nothing.

A more considerable adventure falls to be related. We were now near the border. We had traveled for long upon the track beaten and browsed by a million herds, our predecessors, and had seen no vestige of that traffic which had created it. It was early in the morning when we at last perceived, drawing near to the drove road, but still at the distance of about half a league, a second caravan, similar to but larger than our own. The liveliest excitement was at once exhibited by both my comrades. They climbed hillocks, they studied the approaching drove from under their hand, they consulted each other with an appearance of alarm that seemed to me extraordinary. I had learned by this time that their stand-off manners implied, at least, no active enmity; and I made bold to ask them what was wrong.

"Bad yins," was Sim's emphatic answer.

All day the dogs were kept unsparingly on the alert, and the drove pushed forward at a very unusual and seemingly unwelcome speed. All day Sim and Candlish, with a more than ordinary expenditure both of snuff and of words, continued to debate the position. It seems that they had recognized two of our neighbors on the road —one Faa, and another by the name of Gillies. Whether there was an old feud between them still unsettled I could never learn; but Sim and Candlish were prepared for every degree of fraud or violence at their hands. Candlish repeatedly congratulated himself on having left "the watch at home with the mistress"; and Sim perpetually brandished his cudgel, and cursed his ill-fortune that it should be sprung.

"I wilna care a jot to gie the daashed scoon'rel a fair clout wi' it," he said. "The daashed thing micht come sindry in ma hand."

"Well, gentlemen," said I, "suppose they do come on, I think we can give a very good account of them." And I made my piece of holly, Ronald's gift, the value of which I now appreciated, sing about my head.

"Ay, man? Are ye stench?" inquired Sim, with a gleam of approval in his wooden countenance.

The same evening, somewhat wearied with our day-long expedition, we encamped on a verdant little mound, from the midst of which there welled a spring of clear water scarce enough to wash the hands in. We had made our meal and lain down, but were not yet asleep, when a growl from one of the collies set us on the alert. All three sat up, and on a second impulse all lay down again, but now with our cudgels ready. A man must be an alien and an outlaw, an old soldier and a young man in the bargain, to take adventure easily. With no idea as to the rights of the quarrel or the probable consequences of the encounter, I was as ready to take part with my two drovers as ever to fall in line on the morning of a battle. Presently there leaped three men out of the heather; we had scarce time to get to our feet before we were assailed; and in a moment each one of us was engaged with an adversary whom the deepening twilight scarce permitted him to see. How the battle sped in other quarters I am in no position to describe. The rogue that fell to my share was exceedingly agile and expert with his weapon; had and held me at a disadvantage from the first assault; forced me to give ground continually, and at last, in mere self-defence, to let him have the point. It struck him in the throat, and he went down like a ninepin and moved no more.

It seemed this was the signal for the engagement to be discontinued. The other combatants separated at once; our foes were suffered, without molestation, to lift up and bear away their fallen comrade; so that I perceived this sort of war to be not wholly without laws of chivalry, and perhaps rather to partake of the character of

a tournament than of a battle *à outrance*. There was no doubt, at least, that I was supposed to have pushed the affair too seriously. Our friends the enemy removed their wounded companion with undisguised consternation; and they were no sooner over the top of the brae than Sim and Candlish roused up their wearied drove and set forth on a night march.

"I'm thinking Faa's unco bad," said the one.

"Ay," said the other, "he lookit dooms gash."

"He did that," said the first.

And their weary silence fell upon them again.

Presently Sim turned to me. "Ye're unco ready with the stick," said he.

"Too ready, I'm afraid," said I. "I am afraid Mr. Faa (if that be his name) has got his gruel."

"Weel, I wouldnae wonder," replied Sim.

"And what is likely to happen?" I inquired.

"Aweel," said Sim, snuffing profoundly, "if I were to offer an opinion, it would not be conscientious. For the plain fac' is, Mr. St. Ivey, that I div not ken. We have had crackit heids—and rowth of them—ere now; and we have had a broken leg or maybe twa; and the like of that we drover bodies make a kind of a practice like to keep among oursel's. But a corp we have none of us ever had to deal with, and I could set nae leemit to what Gillies micht consider proper in the affair. Forbye that, he would be in raither a hobble himsel', if he was to gang hame wantin' Faa. Folk are awfu' throng with their questions, and parteecularly when they're no wantit."

"That's a fac'," said Candlish.

I considered this prospect ruefully; and then, making the best of it, "Upon all which accounts," said I, "the best will be to get across the border and there separate. If you are troubled, you can very truly put the blame upon your late companion; and if I am pursued, I must just try to keep out of the way."

"Mr. St. Ivey," said Sim, with something resembling enthusiasm, "no a word mair! I have met in wi' mony kinds o' gentry ere now; I hae seen o' them that was the tae thing, and I hae seen o' them that was the tither; but the wale of a gentleman like you I have no sae very frequently seen the bate of."

Our night march was accordingly pursued with unremitting diligence. The stars paled, the east whitened, and we were still, both dogs and men, toiling after the wearied cattle. Again and again Sim and Candlish lamented the necessity; it was "fair ruin on the bestial," they declared; but the thought of a judge and a scaffold hunted them ever forward. I myself was not so much to be pitied. All that night, and during the whole of the little that remained before us of our conjunct journey, I enjoyed a new pleasure, the reward of my prowess, in the now loosened tongue of Mr. Sim. Candlish was still obdurately taciturn: it was the man's nature; but Sim, having finally appraised and approved me, displayed without reticence a rather garrulous habit of mind and a pretty talent for narration. The pair were old and close companions, co-existing in these endless moors in a brotherhood of silence such as I have heard attributed to the trappers of the west. It seems absurd to mention love in connection with so ugly and snuffy a couple; at least, their trust was absolute; and they entertained a surprising admiration for each other's qualities; Candlish exclaiming that Sim was "grand company!" and Sim frequently assuring me in an aside that for "a rale, auld, stench bitch, there was nae the bate of Candlish in braid Scotland." The two dogs appeared to be entirely included in this family compact, and I remarked that their exploits and traits of character were constantly and minutely observed by the two masters. Dog stories particularly abounded with them; and not only the dogs of the present, but those of the past contributed to their quota. "But that was nae-thing," Sim would begin: "there was a herd in Manar, they ca'd him Tweedie—ye'll mind Tweedie, Can'lish?" "Fine, that!" said Candlish. "Aweel, Tweedie had a dog—" The story I have forgotten; I daresay it was dull, and I suspect it was not true; but, indeed, my travels with the drovers had rendered me indulgent, and perhaps even credulous, in the matter of dog stories. Beautiful, indefatigable beings! as I saw them at the end of a long day's journey frisking, barking, bounding, striking attitudes, slanting a bushy tail, manifestly playing to the spectator's eye, manifestly rejoicing in their grace and beauty, and turned to observe Sim and Candlish unornamentally plodding in the rear with the plaids about their bowed shoulders and the drop at their snuffy noses—I thought I would rather claim kinship with the dogs than with the men. My sympathy was unreturned; in

their eyes I was a creature as light as air; and they would scarce spare me the time for a perfunctory caress or perhaps a hasty lap of the wet tongue, ere they were back again in sedulous attendance on those dingy deities, their masters—and their masters, as like as not, cursing their stupidity.

Altogether, the last hours of our tramp were infinitely the most agreeable to me, and I believe to all of us; and by the time we came to separate, there had grown up a certain familiarity and mutual esteem that made the parting harder. It took place about four of the afternoon on a bare hillside from which I could see the ribbon of the great north road, henceforth to be my conductor. I asked what was to pay.

"Naething," replied Sim.

"What in the name of folly is this?" I exclaimed. "You have led me, you have fed me, you have filled me full of whisky, and now you will take nothing!"

"Ye see we indentit for that," replied Sim.

"Indented?" I repeated; "what does the man mean?"

"Mr. St. Ivey," said Sim, "this is a maitter entirely between Candlish and me and the auld wife, Gilchrist. You had naething to say to it; weel, ye can have naething to do with it, then."

"My good man," said I, "I can allow myself to be placed in no such ridiculous position. Mrs. Gilchrist is nothing to me, and I refuse to be her debtor."

"I dinna exac'ly see what way ye're gaun to help it," observed my drover.

"By paying you here and now," said I.

"There's aye twa to a bargain, Mr. St. Ivey," said he.

"You mean that you will not take it?" said I.

"There or thereabout," said he. "Forbye, that it would set ye a heap better to keep your siller for them you awe it to. Ye're young, Mr. St. Ivey, and thoughtless; but it's my belief that, wi' care and circumspection, ye may yet do credit to yoursel'. But just you bear this in mind: that him that *awes* siller should never *gie* siller."

Well, what was there to say? I accepted his rebuke, and bidding the pair farewell, set off alone upon my southward way.

"Mr. St. Ivey," was the last word of Sim, "I was never muckle ta'en up in Englishry; but I think that I really ought to say that ye seem to me to have the makings of quite a dacent lad."

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE GREAT NORTH ROAD.

It chanced that as I went down the hill these last words of my friend the drover echoed not unfruitfully in my head. I had never told these men the least particulars as to my race or fortune, as it was a part, and the best part, of their civility to ask no questions; yet they had dubbed me without hesitation English. Some strangeness in the accent they had doubtless thus explained. And it occurred to me that if I could pass in Scotland for an Englishman, I might be able to reverse the process and pass in England for a Scot. I thought, if I was pushed to it, I could make a struggle to imitate the brogue. After my experience with Candlish and Sim, I had a rich provision of outlandish words at my command, and I felt I could tell the tale of Tweedie's dog so as to deceive a native. At the same time, I was afraid my name of St. Ives was scarcely suitable, till I remembered there was a town so called in the province of Cornwall, thought I might yet be glad to claim it for my place of origin, and decided for a Cornish family and a Scots education. For a trade, as I was equally ignorant of all, and as the most innocent might at any moment be the means of my exposure, it was best to pretend to none. And I dubbed myself a young gentleman of a sufficient fortune and an idle, curious habit of mind, rambling the country at my own charges, in quest of health, information, and merry adventures.

At Newcastle, which was the first town I reached, I completed my preparations for the part, before going to the inn, by the purchase of a knapsack and a pair of leathern gaiters. My plaid I continued to wear from sentiment. It was warm, useful to sleep in if I were again benighted, and I had discovered it to be not unbecoming for a man of gallant carriage. Thus equipped, I supported my character of the light-hearted pedestrian not amiss. Surprise was indeed expressed that I should have selected such a season of the year; but I pleaded some delays of business, and smilingly claimed to be an eccentric. The devil was in it, I would say, if any season of the year was not good enough for me; I was not made of sugar, I was no molly-coddle to be afraid of an ill-aired bed or a sprinkle of snow; and I would knock upon the table with my fist and call for t'other

bottle, like the noisy and free-hearted young gentleman I was. It was my policy (if I may so express myself) to talk much and say little. At the inn tables, the country, the state of the roads, the business interest of those who sat down with me, and the course of public events, afforded me a considerable field in which I might discourse at large and still communicate no information about myself. There was no one with less air of reticence; I plunged into my company up to the neck; and I had a long cock-and-bull story of an aunt of mine which must have convinced the most suspicious of my innocence. "What!" they would have said, "that young ass to be concealing anything! Why, he has deafened me with an aunt of his until my head aches. He only wants you should give him a line, and he would tell you his whole descent from Adam downward and his whole private fortune to the last shilling." A responsible, solid fellow was even so much moved by pity for my inexperience as to give me a word or two of good advice: that I was but a young man after all—I had at this time a deceptive air of youth that made me easily pass for one-and-twenty and was, in the circumstances, worth a fortune—that the company at inns was very mingled, that I should do well to be more careful, and the like; to all which I made answer that I meant no harm myself and expected none from others, or the devil was in it. "You are one of those very prudent fellows that I could never abide with," said I. "You are the kind of man that has a long head. That's all the world, my dear sir: the long-heads and the short-horns! Now I am a short-horn." "I doubt," says he, "that you will not go very far without getting sheared." I offered to bet with him on that, and he made off, shaking his head.

But my particular delight was to enlarge on politics and the war. None denounced the French like me; none was more bitter against the Americans. And when the north-bound mail arrived, crowned with holly, and the coachman and guard hoarse with shouting victory, I went even so far as to entertain the company to a bowl of punch, which I compounded myself with no illiberal hand, and doled out to such sentiments as the following:

"Our glorious victory on the Nivelle!" "Lord Wellington, God bless him! and may victory ever attend upon his arms!" and, "Soult, poor devil! and may he catch it again to the same tune!"

Never was oratory more applauded to the echo—never any one was more of the popular man than I. I promise you, we made a night of it. Some of the company supported each other, with the assistance of boots, to their respective bedchambers, while the rest slept on the field of glory where we had left them; and at the breakfast-table the next morning there was an extraordinary assemblage of red eyes and shaking fists. I observed patriotism to burn much lower by daylight. Let no one blame me for insensibility to the reverses of France! God knows how my heart raged. How I longed to fall on that herd of swine and knock their heads together in the moment of their revelry! But you are to consider my own situation and its necessities; also a certain lightheartedness, eminently Gallic, which forms a leading trait in my character, and leads me to throw myself into new circumstances with the spirit of a schoolboy. It is possible that I sometimes allowed this impish humor to carry me further than good taste approves; and I was certainly punished for it once.

This was in the episcopal city of Durham. We sat down, a considerable company, to dinner, most of us fine old vatted English tories of that class which is often so enthusiastic as to be inarticulate. I took and held the lead from the beginning; and, the talk having turned on the French in the Peninsula, I gave them authentic details (on the authority of a cousin of mine, an ensign) of certain cannibal orgies in Galicia, in which no less a person than General Caffarelli had taken a part. I always disliked that commander, who once ordered me under arrest for insubordination; and it is possible that a spice of vengeance added to the rigor of my picture. I have forgotten the details; no doubt they were high-colored. No doubt I rejoiced to fool these jolter-heads; and no doubt the sense of security that I drank from their dull, gasping faces encouraged me to proceed extremely far. And for my sins, there was one silent little man at table who took my story at the true value. It was from no sense of humor, to which he was quite dead. It was from no particular intelligence, for he had not any. The bond of sympathy, of all things in the world, had rendered him clairvoyant.

Dinner was no sooner done than I strolled forth into the streets with some design of viewing the cathedral; and the little man was silently at my heels. A few

doors from the inn, in a dark place of the street, I was aware of a touch on my arm, turned suddenly, and found him looking up at me with eyes pathetically bright.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but that story of yours was particularly rich. He—he! Particularly racy," said he. "I tell you, sir, I took you wholly! I *smoked* you! I believe you and I, sir, if we had a chance to talk, would find we had a good many opinions in common. Here is the 'Blue Bell,' a very comfortable place. They draw good ale, sir. Would you be so condescending as to share a pot with me?"

There was something so ambiguous and secret in the little man's perpetual signaling that I confess my curiosity was much aroused. Blaming myself, even as I did so, for the indiscretion, I embraced his proposal, and we were soon face to face over a tankard of mulled ale. He lowered his voice to the least attenuation of a whisper.

"Here, sir," said he, "is to the Great Man. I think you take me? No?" He leaned forward till our noses almost touched. "Here is to the Emperor!" said he.

I was extremely embarrassed, and, in spite of the creature's innocent appearance, more than half alarmed. I thought him too ingenuous and, indeed, too daring for a spy. Yet if he were honest he must be a man of extraordinary indiscretion, and therefore very unfit to be encouraged by an escaped prisoner. I took a half course, accordingly—accepted his toast in silence, and drank it without enthusiasm.

He proceeded to abound in the praises of Napoleon, such as I had never heard in France, or at least only on the lips of officials paid to offer them.

"And this Caffarelli, now," he pursued, "he is a splendid fellow, too, is he not? I have not heard vastly much of him myself. No details, sir—no details. We labor under huge difficulties here as to unbiased information."

"I believe I have heard the same complaint in other countries," I could not help remarking. "But as to Caffarelli, he is neither lame nor blind, he has two legs, and a nose in the middle of his face. And I care as much about him as you care for the dead body of Mr. Perceval!"

He studied me with glowing eyes.

"You cannot deceive me!" he cried. "You have served under him. You are a Frenchman! I hold by the hand, at last, one of that noble race, the pioneers of the glorious principles of liberty and brotherhood. Hush! No, it is all right. I thought there had been somebody at the door. In this wretched, enslaved country we dare not even call our souls our own. The spy and the hangman, sir—the spy and the hangman! And yet there is a candle burning, too. The good leaven is working, sir—working underneath. Even in this town there are a few brave spirits, who meet every Wednesday. You must stay over a day or so, and join us. We do not use this house. Another, and a quieter. They draw fine ale, however—fair, mild ale. You will find yourself among friends, among brothers. You will hear some very daring sentiments expressed!" he cried, expanding his small chest. "Monarchy, Christianity—all the trappings of a bloated past—the Free Confraternity of Durham and Tyneside deride."

Here was a fine prospect for a gentleman whose whole design was to avoid observation! The Free Confraternity had no charms for me; daring sentiments were no part of my baggage; and I tried, instead, a little cold water.

"You seem to forget, sir, that my emperor has reëstablished Christianity," I observed.

"Ah, sir, but that was policy!" he exclaimed. "You do not understand Napoleon. I have followed his whole career. I can explain his policy from first to last. Now, for instance, in the Peninsula, on which you were so very amusing, if you will come to a friend's house who has a map of Spain, I can make the whole course of the war quite clear to you, I venture to say, in half an hour."

This was intolerable. Of the two extremes, I found I preferred the British tory; and, making an appointment for the morrow, I pleaded sudden headache, escaped to the inn, packed my knapsack, and fled, about nine at night, from this accursed neighborhood. It was cold, starry, and clear, and the road dry, with a touch of frost. For all that, I had not the smallest intention to make a long stage of it; and about ten o'clock, spying on the right-hand side of the way the lighted windows of an ale-house, I determined to bait there for the night.

It was against my principle, which was to frequent only the dearest inns; and the misadventure that befell me was sufficient to make me more particular in the future. A large company was assembled in the parlor, which was heavy with clouds of tobacco smoke and brightly lighted up by

a roaring fire of coal. Hard by the chimney stood a vacant chair in what I thought an enviable situation, whether for warmth or the pleasures of society; and I was about to take it, when the nearest of the company stopped me with his hand.

"Beg thy pardon, sir," said he; "but that there chair belongs to a British soldier."

A chorus of voices enforced and explained. It was one of Lord Wellington's heroes. He had been wounded under Rowland Hill. He was Colburne's right-hand man. In short, this favored individual appeared to have served with every separate corps and under every individual general in the Peninsula. Of course I apologized. I had not known. The fiend was in it if a soldier had not a right to the best in England. And with that sentiment, which was loudly applauded, I found a corner of a bench, and awaited, with some hopes of entertainment, the return of the hero. He proved, of course, to be a private soldier. I say of course, because no officer could possibly enjoy such heights of popularity. He had been wounded before San Sebastian, and still wore his arm in a sling. What was a great deal worse for him, every member of the company had been plying him with drink. His honest yokel's countenance blazed as if with fever, his eyes were glazed and looked the two ways, and his feet stumbled as, amidst a murmur of applause, he returned to the midst of his admirers.

Two minutes afterward I was again posting in the dark along the highway; to explain which sudden movement of retreat I must trouble the reader with a reminiscence of my services.

I lay one night with the out-pickets in Castile. We were in close touch with the enemy; the usual orders had been issued against smoking, fires, and talk, and both armies lay as quiet as mice, when I saw the English sentinel opposite making a signal by holding up his musket. I repeated it, and we both crept together in the dry bed of a stream, which made the demarcation of the armies. It was wine he wanted, of which we had a good provision and the English had quite run out. He gave me the money, and I, as was the custom, left him my firelock in pledge, and set off for the canteen. When I returned with a skin of wine, behold, it had pleased some uneasy rascal of an English officer to withdraw the outposts! Here was a situation with a vengeance, and I looked for nothing but ridicule in the present and punishment in the future. Doubtless our officers winked pretty hard at this interchange of courtesies, but doubtless it would be impossible to wink at so gross a fault, or rather so pitiable a misadventure as mine; and you are to conceive me wandering in the plains of Castile, benighted, charged with a wine-skin for which I had no use, and with no knowledge whatever of the whereabouts of my musket beyond that it was somewhere in my Lord Wellington's army. But my Englishman was either a very honest fellow, or else extremely thirsty, and at last contrived to advertise me of his new position. Now, the English sentry in Castile and the wounded hero in the Durham public-house were one and the same person; and if he had been a little less drunk, or myself less lively in getting away, the travels of M. St. Ives might have come to an untimely end.

I suppose this woke me up; it stirred in me besides a spirit of opposition, and in spite of cold, darkness, the highwaymen, and the footpads, I determined to walk right on till breakfast-time: a happy resolution, which enabled me to observe one of those traits of manners which at once depict a country and condemn it. It was near midnight when I saw, a great way ahead of me, the light of many torches; presently after, the sound of wheels reached me and the slow tread of feet, and soon I had joined myself to the rear of a sordid, silent, and lugubrious procession, such as we see in dreams. Close on a hundred persons marched by torchlight in unbroken silence; in their midst a cart, and in the cart, on an inclined platform, the dead body of a man—the center-piece of this solemnity, the hero whose obsequies we were come forth at this unusual hour to celebrate. It was but a plain, dingy old fellow of fifty or sixty, his throat cut, his shirt turned over as though to show the wound. Blue trousers and brown socks completed his attire, if we can talk so of the dead. He had the horrid look of a waxwork. In the tossing of the lights he seemed to make faces and mouths at us, to frown, and to be at times upon the point of speech. The cart, with this shabby and tragic freight, and surrounded by its silent escort and bright torches, continued for some distance to creak along the high road, and I to follow it in amazement, which was soon exchanged for horror. At the corner of a lane the procession stopped, and as the torches ranged themselves along the hedgerow-side, I became aware

of a grave dug in the midst of the thoroughfare, and a provision of quicklime piled in the ditch. The cart was backed to the margin, the body slung off the platform and dumped into the grave with an irreverent roughness. A sharpened stake had hitherto served it for a pillow. It was now withdrawn, held in its place by several volunteers, and a fellow with a heavy mallet (the sound of which still haunts me at night) drove it home through the bosom of the corpse. The hole was filled with quicklime, and the bystanders, as if relieved of some oppression, broke at once into a sound of whispered speech.

My shirt stuck to me, my heart had almost ceased beating, and I found my tongue with difficulty.

"I beg your pardon," I gasped to a neighbor, "what is this? what has he done? is it allowed?"

"Why, where do you come from?" replied the man.

"I am a traveler, sir," said I, "and a total stranger in this part of the country. I had lost my way when I saw your torches, and came by chance on this—this incredible scene. Who was the man?"

"A suicide," said he. "Ay, he was a bad one, was Johnnie Green."

It appeared this was a wretch who had committed many barbarous murders, and being at last upon the point of discovery fell of his own hand. And the nightmare at the cross-roads was the regular punishment, according to the laws of England, for an act which the Romans honored as a virtue! Whenever an Englishman begins to prate of civilization (as, indeed, it's a defect they are rather prone to), I hear the measured blows of a mallet, see the bystanders crowd with torches about the grave, smile a little to myself in conscious superiority—and take a thimbleful of brandy for the stomach's sake.

I believe it must have been at my next stage, for I remember going to bed extremely early, that I came to the model of a good old-fashioned English inn, and was attended on by the picture of a pretty chambermaid. We had a good many pleasant passages as she waited table or warmed my bed for me with a curious brass warming-pan, fully larger than herself; and as she was no less pert than she was pretty, she may be said to have given rather better than she took. I cannot tell why (unless it were for the sake of her saucy eyes), but I made her my confidant, told her I was attached to a young lady in Scotland, and received the encouragement of her sympathy, mingled and connected with a fair amount of rustic wit. While I slept the down-mail stopped for supper; it chanced that one of the passengers left behind a copy of the "Edinburgh Courant," and the next morning my pretty chambermaid set the paper before me at breakfast, with the remark that there was some news from my lady-love. I took it eagerly, hoping to find some farther word of our escape, in which I was disappointed; and I was about to lay it down, when my eye fell on a paragraph immediately concerning me. Faa was in hospital, grievously sick, and warrants were out for the arrest of Sim and Candlish. These two men had shown themselves very loyal to me. This trouble emerging, the least I could do was to be guided by a similar loyalty to them. Suppose my visit to my uncle crowned with some success, and my finances reëstablished, I determined I should immediately return to Edinburgh, put their case in the hands of a good lawyer, and await events. So my mind was very lightly made up to what proved a mighty serious matter. Candlish and Sim were all very well in their way, and I do sincerely trust I should have been at some pains to help them, had there been nothing else. But in truth my eyes and my heart were set on quite another matter, and I received the news of their tribulation almost with joy. That is never a bad wind that blows where we want to go, and you may be sure there was nothing unwelcome in a circumstance that carried me back to Edinburgh and Flora. From that hour I began to indulge myself with the making of imaginary scenes and interviews, in which I confounded the aunt, flattered Ronald, and now in the witty, now in the sentimental manner, declared my love and received the assurance of its return. By means of this exercise my resolution daily grew stronger, until at last I had piled together such a mass of obstinacy as it would have taken a cataclysm of nature to subvert.

"Yes," said I to the chambermaid, "here is news of my lady-love indeed, and very good news too."

All that day, in the teeth of a keen winter wind, I hugged myself in my plaid, and it was as though her arms were flung around me.

*(To be continued.)*

# LIFE PORTRAITS OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT, MOTHER OF THE PRINCESS VICTORIA, AND THE PRINCESS AT THE AGE OF TWO YEARS (1821).

From a painting by Sir William Beechy, R. A., now in the Royal Collection at Windsor; reproduced by arrangement with Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, Her Majesty's Printers, from "Sixty Years a Queen." Victoria was born May 24, 1819, at Kensington Palace, England. Her father, Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., died the next year; and a special responsibility thus devolved upon the mother, which she is said to have met with remarkable punctuality and prudence. The Duchess of Kent was the daughter of Francis, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and the sister of Leopold, King of the Belgians. The Duke of Kent was her second husband, the first being the Prince of Leiningen, who died in 1814. After a time, with the Duchess of Kent was associated the Duchess of Northumberland in the education of the princess.

VICTORIA

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA IN 1823. AGE 4 YEARS.
From a painting by Denning. Above the portrait is the Princess Victoria's autograph, written at the time.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA IN 1824. AGE 5 YEARS. FOWLER.

FROM A MINIATURE PAINTED BY A. STEWART, 1826.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA IN 1830, AGE 11 YEARS.

From a painting by R. Westall, now at Windsor Castle, England. Reproduced by arrangement with Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, Her Majesty's Printers, from "Sixty Years a Queen." The Princess Victoria's uncle George IV. died in June, 1830, leaving no legitimate issue, and was succeeded by his brother, the Duke of Clarence, crowned as William IV. As William IV. at his accession had no legitimate issue, the heir presumptive to the throne thereupon became his niece the young Princess Victoria.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA AND HER MOTHER, THE DUCHESS OF KENT. DATE UNCERTAIN, BUT ABOUT 1834, WHEN THE PRINCESS WAS FIFTEEN.

After a pencil drawing by Sir George Hayter, now at Windsor Castle, England.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA SHORTLY BEFORE HER ACCESSION—ABOUT 1836. AGE 17 YEARS.

From a painting by George Hayter. An engraving was made of this painting by James Bromley and published on the day of Her Majesty's accession, June 20, 1837, by Colnaghi & Co. William IV. died about two o'clock in the morning of June 20, 1837, at Windsor Castle, and immediately high official messengers set off to Kensington Palace to summon Victoria, then just eighteen, to the throne. The messengers reached Kensington about five in the morning. They found the Princess in "such a sweet sleep" that her attendants were loath to waken her. "In a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."

Earl of Albemarle. Duke of Argyll. Marquis of Lansdowne. Lord John Russell Lord Cottenham. Viscount Melbourne. Archbishop of Canterbury, The Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Holland. The King of Hanover. The Duke of Sussex (the Queen's uncle).

THE QUEEN'S FIRST COUNCIL, KENSINGTON PALACE, JUNE 20, 1837. FROM A PAINTING BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A., NOW AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

QUEEN VICTORIA IN THE ROBES OF THE GARTER. ABOUT 1838. AGE 19 YEARS. FROM A PAINTING BY THOMAS SULLY.

Sully's portrait of the Queen, the upper part of which is reproduced here in the large picture and the full-length in the smaller, has an especially interesting history. This history is related in the records of the Society of the Sons of St. George, Philadelphia, as follows: "In the year 1837, soon after the accession of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to the throne of Great Britain, the Society determined to memorialize Her Majesty to sit for her portrait to Mr. Thomas Sully, the artist, who departed for England in October of that year, carrying with him the memorial, which declared that the Society wished '*to place it in a conspicuous situation as the means, at the meetings of our Society, of cherishing the recollections of the country from whence we sprung.*' The portrait was finished in April, 1838, and subsequently brought to this city [Philadelphia] by the artist. The portrait was soon after exhibited by the Society and brought into its funds a considerable sum." The portrait is signed "T. S., 1839," but this date is in conflict with the record just quoted, and is believed by members of the Society who are familiar with the subject to be wrong. The present reproductions are from a photograph copyrighted, 1897, by the Society of the Sons of St. George.

QUEEN VICTORIA TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE. 1837. AGE 18 YEARS.

From a painting by Hayter. Engraved by W. H. Egleton in 1851. Reproduced by permission of Henry Graves & Co. Limited, London.

QUEEN VICTORIA IN HER BRIDAL DRESS, 1840, AGE 20. FROM A DRAWING BY DRUMMOND.

PRINCE ALBERT, QUEEN VICTORIA, THEIR INFANT SON PRINCE ARTHUR, AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, IN 1851.

From a painting by F. Winterhalter, commemorative of the International Exhibition of 1851, of which Prince Albert was the chief promoter. Reproduced by arrangement with Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode.

QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1860 (AGE 41 YEARS) AND HER DAUGHTER VICTORIA, THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

From a photograph by Lombardi & Co., London. Victoria, the oldest of the Queen's nine children (four sons and five daughters), was born in 1840. In 1858 she was married to Frederick William, then Crown Prince of Germany, and from March 9 to June 15, 1888, Emperor. It was to the instructor of the young Victoria that the Queen wrote her famous memorandum: "I am quite clear that she should be taught to have great reverence to God and to religion, but that she should have the feeling of devotion and love which our Heavenly Father encourages His earthly children to have for Him and not one of fear and trembling, and that the thoughts of death and an after-life should not be represented in an alarming and forbidding aspect, and that she should be taught, as yet, to know no difference of creeds and not to think she can only pray on her knees, or that those who do not kneel are less fervent and devout in their prayers."

THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE CONSORT. 1861.

From an engraving by W. Hall, after a photograph by Day. Queen Victoria was married to Albert, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and second son of the then reigning duke, on February 10, 1840, at St. James's Palace; and not the least of the distinctions of her long reign is the exalted confidence and concord that marked her relations with her husband. Prince Albert, indeed, was a man of rare character and ability. "He shunned ostentation and sank his own existence in that of his wife;" and yet all the time he was a positive and recognized influence, not only in the family circle, but in the state. He was born near Coburg, August 26, 1819, and died at Windsor Castle, December 14, 1861, shortly after the above picture was taken. He was thus a few months younger than the Queen, and lived to be but forty-two.

THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES, ABOUT 1862.

THE QUEEN IN 1867. AGE 48 YEARS.

THE QUEEN IN 1877. AGE 58 YEARS.

THE QUEEN IN 1879. AGE 60 YEARS.

The portraits on this page are from photographs by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

THE QUEEN IN AUGUST, 1887. AGE 68 YEARS.

THE QUEEN IN 1893. AGE 74 YEARS.

June 20, 1887, Queen Victoria had reigned fifty years, and the jubilee of her accession to the throne was celebrated with great enthusiasm in England. A grand thanksgiving service was held in Westminster Abbey, attended by Her Majesty and all the Royal Family, by various kings, queens, and royal princes, and by "representatives from every nation on earth." The entire assemblage is estimated to have numbered ten thousand people. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, conducted the service. The ceremonies of the celebration continued through several weeks. On June 22d the Queen received addresses and gifts at Buckingham Palace. On the 25th there was a state banquet at Windsor, on the 28th a Jubilee ball, and on the 29th a garden-party. The concluding demonstration was a grand military review at Aldershot on July 9th. From all parts of the world the Queen received commemorative gifts, many of them of great value. "The women of England" presented her with £75,000 ($375,000). The two portraits on this page are from photographs by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

THE QUEEN IN THE DRESS WORN BY HER AT THE JUBILEE OF HER ACCESSION TO THE THRONE, 1887. AGE 68 YEARS.

From a photograph by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

THE QUEEN AS SHE APPEARED AT THE TIME OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF YORK, JULY 26, 1893. AGE 74 YEARS.

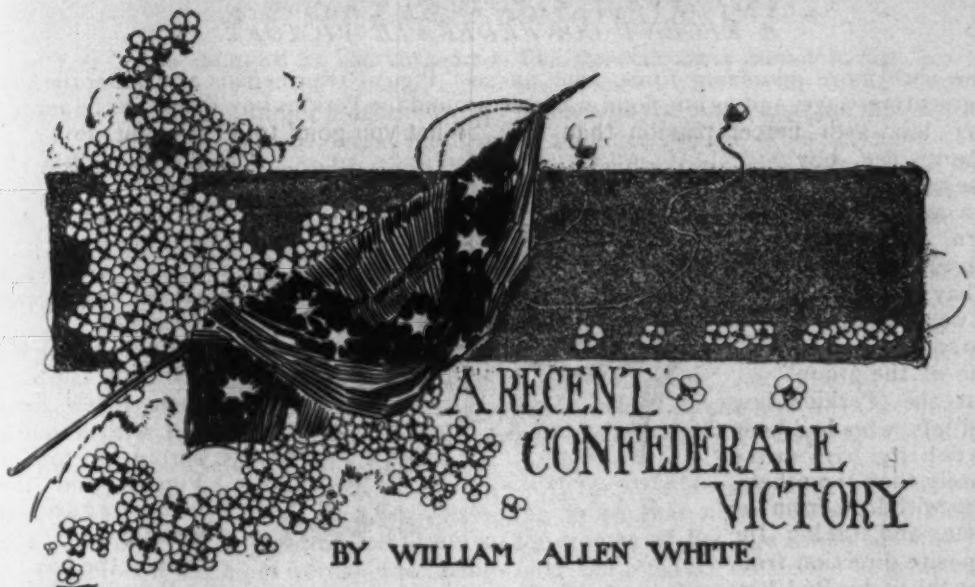
From a photograph by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

THE QUEEN AT OSBORNE, HER COUNTRY-SEAT IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT, AUGUST, 1890. AGE 71 YEARS.

From a photograph by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

THE QUEEN IN THE SIXTIETH YEAR OF HER REIGN, 1897. AGE 77 YEARS.
From a photograph taken at Buckingham Palace by Gunn & Stuart, London.

THE QUEEN AT THE PRESENT TIME.
From a photograph by Russell & Sons, London.



# A RECENT CONFEDERATE VICTORY

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

IN a small town, every man who has been in the community long enough to become thoroughly known to the townsmen has a place in the human mosaic; that place seldom changes. Occasionally a man is a year in finding his place. The town of Willow Creek located Calhoun Perkins in two days. Wednesday he arrived in town with his son, whom he called "Bud"; Thursday night it was reported that he had been fishing the second time. That settled it. After that the boasting of Perkins about his family in Tennessee and his assertion that he expected to go into business only made the men laugh when Perkins left a group of them. They were not interested in Perkins by the following Saturday; and Monday every man in the town felt that his judgment of a man who would go fishing every day had been handsomely vindicated, when it was learned that Perkins had served in the Confederate army.

When Perkins had been in the town three years, the anecdotes illustrating his shiftlessness multiplied, and his name was a synonym for that trait of character known in the vernacular as "no-'count." In the third spring, after a winter's tussle with rheumatism, Perkins died. His funeral was of so little importance that none of the corpulent old ladies in black alpaca, holding their handkerchiefs carefully folded in their hands, came panting across the town to attend it. No women came at all. And the Perkins boy stood by stolidly while the dry clods were rumbling upon the pine box in the grave. The boy wished to be alone, and he would not sit on the seat with the driver. He wiped a little moisture from his eyes, and rode to town with his feet hanging out of the back of the wagon that had held the coffin.

When the wagon came to the thick of the town, Bud Perkins quietly slid to the ground, and joined a group of afternoon idlers who were playing marbles on the south side of a livery barn. Here and there in the group a boy said: "H'lo, Bud," when the Perkins boy joined the coterie, but many of the youngsters, being unfamiliar with the etiquette of mourning, were silent, and played on at their game. When the opportunity came the Perkins boy put a marble in the ring without saying a word. He went back to "taws," and "lagged for goes," with the others. He spoke only when he was addressed. A black sense of desolation lowered over him, and he could not join in the ejaculations and responses of the game. His luck was bad, and he lost marble after marble. In an hour, when the sun was still in the south, he withdrew from the game and sat alone against the barn, drawing figures on the earth with a broken piece of hoop-iron. The boy could not fight off the thought of the empty home waiting for him down by the river. He saw, as he sat there, all the furniture, his father's clothes hanging at the foot of the bed, the stove in disorder; and then he realized that in the whole town not one hand was held out to him. He was a child, yet the heartlessness of it all cut him to the quick. This thought kept overwhelming him, again and again, each

time with more agonizing force, like an augmenting wave, and as one flood washed over him with fiercer passion than the others, the boy rose hurriedly and ran around the barn, and flung himself upon a pile of hay. There he gave way to a storm of sobs. One of the group that the Perkins boy had left, who had been watching him more closely than the others, soon withdrew from the game, and taking the opposite direction from that taken by Bud Perkins, came tiptoeing around the haystack.

". . . and would not sit on the seat with the driver."

The paroxysm of sobs had ceased, and Bud was lying face downward as if asleep. He heard the step, but pretended not to hear it. He felt some one pressing the hay beside him. He knew who it was, and the two boys lay upon the hay without speaking. The Perkins boy turned his head away from the new-comer; but try as he would, Bud could not keep from sniffling. In a few moments the other boy tried to roll the Perkins boy over. It was a vain attempt. Then the sobbing began anew. But it was a short attack, and, at length, the other boy said: "Bu-ud?" Again he said, "Bu-ud?" There came no response. "O, Bud—I got somethin' to tell you!" The sniffling continued, and the other boy kept on pleading. "Ah, Bud, come on; I got somethin' real good," he said. Silence answered. The teasing went on: "Say, Bud, I won back all your marbles." That was repeated twice. Then a hand went over toward the other boy. He filled it with marbles, and it went back. Another silence was followed by a rustle of hay, and a dirty face turned over, and a voice said through a pathetic apologetic smile: "This old nicked glassey ain't mine." The two heads nestled together, and four eyes gazed at the blue sky and the white clouds for a long time. It was the Perkins boy who spoke: "Say, Piggy, I bet you'd cry, too, if you was me." The boy addressed as "Piggy" wormed his arm under the hay around the Perkins boy's neck, as he asked, "What you goin' to do to-night, Bud?"

"I dunno. Why?" replied Bud.

"Well, I'm comin' out to stay all night. They're goin' to have a party at our house, and ma said I could."

Bud drew himself up slowly; then threw himself with a quick spring on top of Piggy, and the two began to wrestle like kittens in the hay.

Even while Piggy Pennington and Bud Perkins were sitting at dusk on the back-porch steps of the Pennington house, eating turkey-wings which Mrs. Pennington had given to them, and devouring ham sandwiches which Piggy had taken from the big platterful in the pantry, looking the hired girl boldly in the face as he did it, even then the preparations for the Pennington entertainment were progressing indoors. The parlor, the sitting-room, and the dining-room, which had been decorated during the warm afternoon with borrowed palms and with roses from the neighbor's vines, were ventilating. Windows were rising, and doors opening. The velvety air of May was fluttering everywhere. And there was so much life in it, that when Mrs. Pennington saw the two boys pass out of the alley gate, she saw the Perkins boy grab her son's hat and run away whooping, while Piggy followed, throwing clods at his companion's legs

"His luck was bad . . .

and feet. She thought, as she turned to her turkey-slicing, that the Perkins child was not taking his father's death "very hard." But she did not know that the boyish whoop was the only thing that saved him from sobbing, as he left the house where he saw such a contrast to his own. How could a woman carrying the responsibilities of the social honor of the Methodist church in Willow Creek have time to use her second sight?

The guests at the Pennington house that evening divided the honors equally between the new preacher, for whom the party was made, and Miss Morgan, whose last niece had married and left her but two days before. Most of the guests had met the new preacher; but none of them—save one or two of her intimates—could know how the lonely little old woman was faring in the cottage whence one by one her adopted birds had flown. They called her "little Miss Morgan" in the town, and the story of her life of devotion to her brothers' and sisters' children was familiar to every one about her. For ten years she had lived in Willow Creek caring for her brothers' orphans. She came to the community from the East, and found what she brought—culture, friends, and kindness at every turn. The children whom she had cared for had grown up, filed through the town real estate college, and then had mated and left the little spinster alone.

At the Penningtons' that evening she was cheerful enough—so cheerful, indeed, in her little bird-like manner, that many of those who talked with her fancied that the recourseful little body was beyond the reach of petty grief. The modest, almost girlish smile beamed through the wrinkles of fifty autumns as brightly that evening at the Penningtons' as the town had ever seen it. From her place in the high-backed chair in a corner, Miss Morgan, in her shy, self-deprecatory way, shed her faint benediction about her as she had done for a decade. There was a sweetness in Miss Morgan's manner that made the old men gallant to her in a boyish way; and the wives, who loved her, were proud of their husbands' chivalry. During the evening at the Penningtons' the conversation found much of its inspiration in the Memorial Day services on the morrow and in anecdotes about the thriftlessness of Calhoun Perkins. Memorial Day was one of the holidays which Miss Morgan kept in her heart. Then she decorated each year a lover's grave—a grave she had never seen. The day had been sacred in her heart to the memory of a spring night, and the moon and the lilacs and the blue uniform of a soldier. Upon other days she waved this memory away with a gay little sigh, and would have none of it. But on Memorial Day she bade the vision come into her heart and bide a while.

But she did not open the door there at the party. They said to one another, going home that night: "Well, I don't see 's she minds it a bit. Isn't that pluck for you —not lonesome, not grumpy—just the same little body she was when we first saw her. Well—I know one thing—I couldn't do it."

As for Miss Morgan, while she was walking home that night, she was thinking of the women of her age whom she had just left; the romance seemed to be gone completely from their lives, their faces seemed a trifle hard to her, and she was wondering if life would have gone so with her if there had been no Shiloh.

The town clock in the school-house was tolling eleven, as Miss Morgan turned the key in the front door. The night was starry and inviting, and as her house stood among the trees, somewhat back from the street, Miss Morgan did not feel afraid to sit in a porch chair, refreshing herself, before going indoors. The wind brought the odor of the lilacs from the bush at the house corner, and the woman sat drinking in the fragrance. She saw a pair of lovers strolling by, who did not observe her. She could hear the murmur of their voices; she did not try to catch their words. She sat silently dreaming and wondering. Again and again her eyes went to the stars in a vain questioning, and her lips moved.

*". . . sat alone against the barn . . ."*

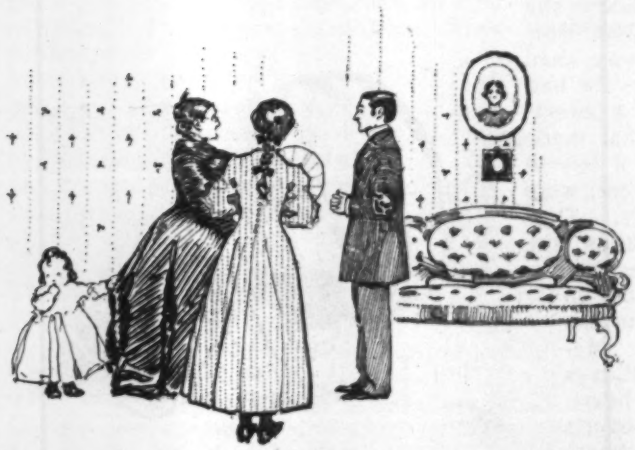
Maybe she was asking "where," maybe she was asking "why." As the moments slipped by, the years fell away from her. She had carried her little romance in her heart unsullied by reality. To-night the talk of Memorial Day had brought it all back, and the thrill of other days returned with the odor of the lilacs. She yielded to a vague, crazy notion, and in an impulsive girlish run she went to the corner of the porch and broke a sprig from the lilac tree.

Then with a short sigh, that had just the hint of a smile in it, she took the lilac sprig into the house. Perhaps she fancied that no one would see the flowers but she. Maybe the oppressive stillness of the empty house burdened her. Certainly something was heavy upon her, for there was no smile in the sigh that came deeply from her heart, as she locked the door. It must have seemed lonely for Miss Morgan, coming from the crowded parlor, and the questions that her friends asked about her plans may have followed her. Perhaps it was the answer to these questions that kept her awake. She sat by her window and went over and over again the question, what should she do? The wedding that had so recently livened the cottage kept coming to the little old woman's mind, and with it came the bride. When the other children had gone away, Miss Morgan let them go with her blessing, and was glad of their good fortunes. But this last child to go had been Miss Morgan's pet. As the lonely spinster sat there she recalled how the child had been molded by her; how she had fancied the child's heart was hers, cherishing in it the ideals, the sentiment, the tendernesses that the older heart had held sacred for a lifetime. Miss Morgan recalled how she and the girl had mingled their tears over the first long dress that their hands made, knowing, each of them, that it meant the coming of the parting. As she looked into the awful vistas of the stars, the woman knew that she was one of God's creatures, all alone—without one soul that she might even signal to.

*". . . as she turned to her turkey-slicing . . ."*

The word "alone" came to her so strangely that she repeated it in a whisper. Its sound touched some string within her bosom, and she put her head upon the open window sill and wept, sobbing the word "alone" until sleep soothed her.

The morning's sunlight helped Miss Morgan to put aside the problems of the night; she hummed an old war tune as she went about her work, but the sunlight did not lift the silence from the house. The rooms, which a few days before had been vocal with life, were so dead that the clock ticking in the parlor might be heard in the kitchen. The canary's cheerful song echoed shrilly through the silent place. Miss Morgan said to him, "Dickey, Dickey, for gracious sake, keep still—you'll drive me wild." But her voice only increased the bird's vehemence, and the throbbing in her ears brought on a headache. When she put a paper over the cage, the clock annoyed her. A boy passing the house whistling "The Girl I Left behind Me" with all his might, but sadly off the key, irritated the little woman. She went to the window to see who could whistle so badly, and saw Bud Perkins.



*". . . the new preacher, for whom the party was made . . ."*

She did not know that the child had just arisen from a cheering breakfast at the Penningtons'—even if she knew how much a hearty breakfast cheers up any boy. But the spectacle of the orphan facing the world so bravely moved Miss Morgan, and she felt a sudden wave of pity, and with it came the conviction of guilt—that she had been selfish while the boy was suffering. She had heard at the Penningtons' that the county would probably take charge of him; but she recalled what she had heard in its full meaning to the child only when she saw him turn the corner, going toward the center of the town. There was a feeling of keen joy in her heart as she realized that she was not useless in the world, and she went about her morning's work with the lightest heart in all Willow Creek beating in her breast.

*"Dickey, Dickey . . ."*

Bud Perkins had seen but two Memorial Days in Kansas—and upon each of these days he and his father went fishing. The boy knew it was a soldiers' holiday, and from Piggy Pennington, Bud had found out what were the purposes of the day. He knew that his father had been a soldier—a soldier on the wrong side. But he did not know that Confederate soldiers' graves were not included in the day's sacrament.

"Mornin', Captain," said Bud to a slight, gray-haired old man, stooping over a basket of flowers in a vacant store-room in the main street of the town.

When the man replied kindly the boy took heart to say: "You must be kind o' runnin' things here, I guess."

"I'm in charge of the flowers, Bud, just for to-day," replied Captain Meyers, who did not wish to seem as vainglorious as he was.

"Goin' to put flowers on all the soldiers' graves—are you?" queried Bud. The elder replied that the post aimed to do so.

"Did you know my dad was a soldier?" was the boy's next question.

The captain's heart was pricked when he saw what was in Bud's mind. The captain knew what the next query would be. He was a gentle man, and kind. So looking about to see if any comrades of a sterner sect than he were in hearing before replying, he said: "You mustn't feel bad now, Buddie, but it's only for them on the Union side—whose graves we decorate to-day. I wouldn't mind, if I was you." Captain Meyers was not a diplomat, and he said the words poorly.

In an instant the boy's eyes filled with tears. They dried in anger before they reached his flushed cheek. He clinched his hands, and turned and walked hotly out of the room. In the door he paused and whirled around and cried,

"Yank! Yank! Rick-stick-stank!
High ball, low ball, dirty-faced Yank!"

Then he ran wildly down the street to escape the infuriated mob which he believed would pursue him. The knowledge that he was cut off from the day's festivities made him wince with pain as he ran. Not until he came out upon the road across the prairie did he stop—breathless, worn out, crying. During the next two hours the boy wandered on the prairie and in the woods gathering wild flowers. By the time the exercises in the Willow Creek opera house were finished and the procession was formed, Bud Perkins had a heaping armful of field blossoms. He was coming over the hill to the cemetery when he heard the band strike up the "Dead March" down in the village.

*". . . the first long dress . . ."*

His impulse was to run away. He checked himself and walked across the place, past the shafts and monuments, toward his father's grave under the hill furthest from the town. In the middle of the cemetery the boy stopped. His eyes were caught by a marble lamb over a child's grave. The inscription he read was "Mary Pennington, aged two years, three months, and ten days." The date line upon the stone told of a year that had passed before the Perkins boy was born. He gazed at it a moment, and put there a handful of his choicest flowers. Looking up he saw some early visitor to the silent place stepping from behind a monument. Bud had scattered his flowers before he saw that he was being watched; so he pretended to hunt for stones to throw. He gathered several, and peppered them at shafts and at birds.

". . . know my dad was a soldier?"

Bud Perkins walked to the freshly-made mound where his father lay, and scattered his posies over it. The village "cornet band" was coming nearer and nearer to the hill. The boy curbed an impulse to leave. He walked lazily about the grave until the Memorial Day procession had entered the big iron gate a hundred yards away. Calhoun Perkins's grave could not be seen from the plot where the townspeople had gathered. The boy sat down with his back to the crowd. He did not know how near the people were to him. He felt that they were staring down, perhaps laughing, at him. So he tried to assume a careless air. He picked up clods and tossed them at adjacent objects. Tiring of this, he chewed the grass stems, and sucked the nectar from the corolla of wild honeysuckles. But this did not keep the lump out of his throat, and it did not subdue the turmoil of sorrow in his heart at the thought that his father was scorned in the town. Once his small frame shook with a strangled sob, but immediately afterward he threw an unusually big clod at a post near by. He had been hearing voices and footsteps on the brow of the hill for several minutes. Occasionally he picked out a familiar voice, and once he heard his name. He did not answer the boy who called, but a woman standing a little further up the hill said, "Who is it, Harold?" "Bud," said the youngster. "Bud who?" asked the woman's voice.

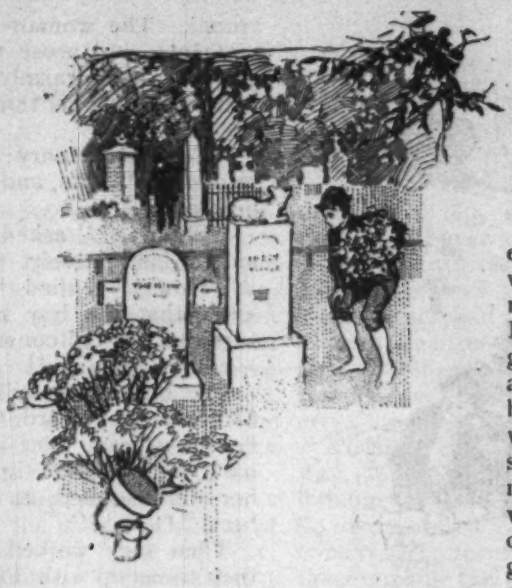
". . . wandered on the prairie . . ."

The Perkins boy heard the dialogue. He was throwing clods into the air, and catching them as they fell. He was sitting down, and this appeared to be an engrossing task.

"Bud Perkins. He's sittin' down by his pa's grave," replied the boy on the hill. The child by the fresh mound pictured himself as the other boy saw him, and his eyes brimmed over with tears. He seemed so desolate.

"Why don't you go to him?" insisted the woman, coming nearer.

"Oh, Miss Morgan," said the boy whom she addressed, lowering his voice, but not lowering it sufficiently, "Miss Morgan, *you* don't know *him*."



"Mary Pennington, aged two years . . ."

Just then Bud was startled by a footstep at his side. He looked up and saw Piggy Pennington, who had a big bunch of roses in his hands, and who, seeing the stained face of his friend, said in embarrassed confusion: "Ma sent 'em." Piggy put the roses by the new pine head-board, and lay down—lying across his companion's feet.

"Get off me," said Bud, when he had treated himself to a long, trembling sniff, after a painful silence, "I ain't no sidewalk."

When Piggy went to get his flying hat, he said under his breath to Bud, "Wipe your face, quick; some one's comin'." Then he stood awkwardly at Bud's back and shielded him. Piggy spoke first to the little woman, now only a few paces away.

"H'lo, Miss Morgan; lookin' for old Tom? He's buried off to the right yonder."

"No, my dear. I want to speak to Henry Perkins," replied the woman, beaming the kindest of smiles into the guardsman's face. He stepped from the line between Miss Morgan and the Perkins boy, not sure that the intruder would find a welcome. Bud was glaring steadfastly at the earth, between his hands and knees. Piggy said, "Bu-ud?"

"Whut," was the response.

"Miss Morgan wants to talk with you," replied Piggy.

"What's she want?" inquired the Perkins boy, with his head still between his knees.

Miss Morgan had been coming nearer and nearer to him as the dialogue had progressed. She was standing in front of Bud when he added, "I ain't done nothin'."

Miss Morgan bent down and touched his head with her hands. Piggy was shaking his head warningly at her with much earnestness. He feared that such an effeminate proceeding would anger his comrade. When Miss Morgan sat upon the ground beside Bud and took one of his hands, stroking it without the boy's resisting, Piggy Pennington was dumb with wonder. He could not hear the gentle breaking of the agonizing lump in the child's throat. Even little Miss Morgan could not see the tears that had burst over the brims of the orphan's eyes. His face was averted. She stroked his hand, and snuggled closer to him. Then she heard a faint whimper, and her heart could stand the strain no longer; she leaned upon the child's shoulder, and mourned with him. The Pennington boy did not comprehend it all; but as he looked politely away from

". . . went to get his flying hat . . ."

*". . . and snuggled closer to him."*

his friends, he felt the moisture in his eyes. He wiped it away quickly, glancing to see if his weakness had been detected. The woman recovered in a few moments, and arose with the boy's hand gripping hers warmly. He had felt her tears through his thin clothing, and was conquered.

"Come on, Henry; we're going now," said Miss Morgan, and drew the lad up with her hand.

"Whur to?" asked Bud, who knew the answer instinctively.

"Home," replied the little woman, who knew that the boy knew, and who was sure that he had consented. "Our home—yours and mine."

The boy arose, still holding her hand, and looked toward the grave with the flowers strewn over it. He gripped her hand tightly—so tightly that it pained her—and sobbed, as he faced away from her: "O pop!"

Then they walked on in silence, till they came up with Piggy, who had gone a few steps ahead. It was Bud who spoke first. He said: "You don't live far from Piggy's, do you, Miss Morgan?"

And Piggy Pennington pointed his finger at Bud's dripping eyes and grinned, while Miss Morgan smiled happily at the clouds.

# A MASTER SOLD BY A SLAVE.

By John Stuart Bonner.

ONE of the most successful negro speculators on the Peninsula in the forties was a man named James Hubbard, who lived upon his own estate near Yorktown, and was accounted one of the wealthiest men in those parts. He was a man of powerful physique and coarse manners. His hair and eyes were intensely black, and his complexion so swarthy that he would have suffered by comparison with many of the human chattels he dealt in.

About the year 1845 James Murder, a young man, last in the male line of one of the old colonial families, died suddenly, leaving his large estate so involved that it was necessary to sell off everything to satisfy his creditors. Among his slaves was a body-servant called "Mack," who was nearly the same age as his deceased master. The two had been reared together from infancy, the slave had enjoyed the same advantages as the master, and through association with the best society of many countries had acquired an ease of manner and fluency of speech which, combined with his handsome person, would have made him an ornament to any circle. There was little negro blood in his veins, and he would have passed as a white man anywhere. He was held in high esteem by all of Murder's friends.

It was therefore determined that in the sale of Murder's slaves Mack should be saved from the hands of the speculators, and a number of gentlemen attended at the court-house in Williamsburg prepared to pay a large price for the young negro. James Hubbard was also there, and he swore an oath that he would have "that nigger" if it cost him his fortune. For Hubbard had a twofold grudge to gratify. Many a time before, the Williamsburg men had prevented him from securing a "bargain"; and he was very bitter against them also because of the social ostracism which his business had brought upon his family. The result was that Mack was knocked down to Hubbard for a price seldom paid for a slave in Virginia. A few days later Hubbard started South with a band of negroes, taking Mack with him as a body-servant.

On their arrival at New Orleans Hubbard soon disposed of his negroes to good advantage, but, either because he could not find a buyer at the high figure he had paid or because he had taken a fancy to him, he retained Mack in his personal service. Mack had some money of his own, and, as a matter of pride as well as business, Hubbard dressed him like a gentleman, and also allowed him much liberty.

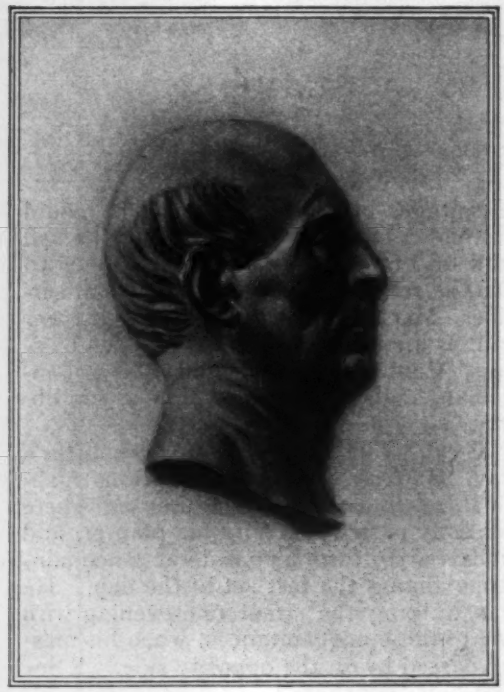
Keeping carefully out of his master's way, Mack frequented the various fashionable saloons and gaming houses, where he easily passed as a Virginia planter, and contrived to form a considerable acquaintance among the fast set of the day. He was walking the street one evening with one of these acquaintances, when his master passed by on the opposite side. "See that boy over there?" said he, carelessly, indicating Hubbard. "I brought him down here with me, but he's got so independent that I've got to sell him."

"What will you take for him?"

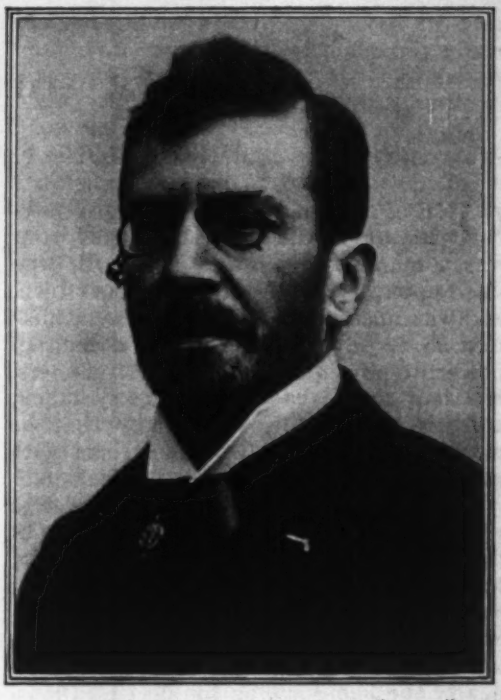
"Why, he ought to bring me fifteen hundred quick, but I'll take a thousand if it can be arranged quietly."

In less than twenty-four hours they had come to terms, and Hubbard was sold by his own slave. The papers were regularly made out and transferred, and the money paid over, Mack only stipulating that the buyer should take his property quietly.

When Hubbard was seized, of course there was trouble. He fought like a wildcat, but was finally overpowered and taken from the fashionable hotel where he was staying, amid the jeers of his quondam friends. He appealed to the law; but not until three well-known citizens of Williamsburg, properly fortified with papers of identification from the authorities, made the long trip to New Orleans was he released. The trial cost him thousands of dollars, and consumed a great deal of time. Meanwhile Mack, well supplied with money by the sale, had got beyond pursuit. Large rewards were offered for his apprehension, and the best detectives were employed, but without avail. He was never traced beyond the wharf where he took passage for the North. He is supposed, however, to have gone to France, where he had lived during his former master's student days.



FRANÇOIS BULOZ, FOUNDER OF THE "REVUE."
From a medallion made a short time before his death.



F. BRUNETIÈRE, PRESENT EDITOR OF THE "REVUE."
From a photograph by Eugene Piron, Paris.

# THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

By Th. Bentzon,

A Member of the Staff of the "Revue."

THE DIFFICULTIES UNDER WHICH IT WAS FOUNDED AND DEVELOPED BY BULOZ.—ITS NOTED CONTRIBUTORS.—ITS CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE.—THE VISIT OF ITS PRESENT EDITOR TO THE UNITED STATES.

WITHIN a few weeks the United States have received a visit from Mr. Ferdinand Brunetière. He has lectured before the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, and at other colleges, and has in various ways made his presence felt. This seems, therefore, to be a good time to say a word about the great periodical publication he edits.

Though the "Revue des Deux Mondes" is highly esteemed in America, it is perhaps chiefly known to a limited circle. And even this select circle is only partly aware of its importance, for it is not merely a *magazine*, but rather an institution, a sort of annex to the Académie Française. The Forty Immortals of the Academy are very frequently recruited among its contributors. Let us mention as a proof: Messrs. Cherbuliez and de Vogüé, Vandal and André Theuriet, Mézières; Boissier, the *secrétaire perpétuel* (permanent secretary, a life-position); Albert Sorel, the Count d'Haussonville, Henry Houssaye, and Brunetière himself. Among those who have just vanished from the scene were Renan, Taine, Caro, Octave Feuillet, who, like so many others, all had belonged to the "Revue des Deux Mondes," or to the "Revue," as is generally said, with a certain disparagement of its rivals, however interesting they may be.

The preponderance maintained by the "Revue" for more than half a century,

in a country said to be the home of caprice and inconstancy, is nothing short of miraculous, and this preponderance is far from declining. The most varied forms of talent are as eager as ever to ask for its lofty consecration. "The 'Revue' is the real title-giver, after all," said Sainte-Beuve, a short time before his death. This is the "Revue's" position as regards authors; as for the public, all serious-minded people read the "Revue," and those who are not serious-minded, but wish to seem to have general information, never fail to read it also.

Bicycling, if one may believe the publishers, has done much harm to the book-trade since its recent introduction; still, it has not yet succeeded in hurting the "Revue des Deux Mondes." A few spiteful attacks, a few coarse insults, from a handful of "barbarians," as François Buloz used to call them, have only served to increase its prestige, by proving that it cannot be approached except by those who are entitled to do so, and that the unsuccessful ones revenge themselves as best they can. All this does not alter the fact that the part taken by the "Revue," ever since its foundation in 1831, has been most important. It would be impossible to mention any movement of public thought, any social problem, any new idea, that it has not signaled and discussed, always bearing the banner of liberty firmly aloft, yet, at the same time, never relaxing its hold on the ferule of order and common sense. Curious, in a measure, as to the customs and condition of foreign nations, open to art, philosophy, and science quite as freely as to literature, constantly faithful to liberal principles in politics, without ever systematically keeping the voice of any party away from its platform, it yet retained its personal opinion, which was as much opposed to revolutionary doctrines as to the arbitrary undertakings of absolute governments. These are high claims to glory, and the fact of having begun this long and brilliant career without material resources, by the sole power of one man's will, certainly does not lessen them.

The prolific period immediately following the Revolution of 1830, among the many works pertaining to all branches of human imagination and intelligence called forth, produced this powerful political and literary focus. Its creator, however, was neither a writer nor a politician. François Buloz, a contemporary of the magnificent efflorescence of the romantic era, saw what good could be gained by setting all the scattered brilliant minds in a single cluster, which would somewhat resemble the English reviews, especially the "Edinburgh Review," with the additional advantage of more frequent periods of publication, and a wider, more elastic, more varied scope. This dream had nothing in common with a financial speculation, although Buloz was successful in this direction as well; he aimed higher, as his faithful friend and collaborator, Mr. de Mazade, has so well explained in the touching and respectful pages he has dedicated to Buloz's memory—he aimed at appealing to the highest intellectual culture everywhere, at reaching the directing classes, at offering them an accredited organ which would carry the French tongue and ideas to the remotest limits of the earth. For, above all else, François Buloz was a patriot, and one can say that the reverses of 1870 killed him just as surely as if he had been struck by a bullet on the battle-field, although he survived the wound for six years.

When he planted the mustard-seed which was to be transformed into the vigorous tree on whose branches so many rare birds were to come and sing, this peasant's son was about twenty-seven years old. Coming from a little Savoyard village, he had only a good college education. His father, a plain farmer, had been most anxious to give this great advantage to his three sons, who were all very remarkable for their intelligence and will-power. One of them wrote historical works, another emigrated to America to seek his fortune, while the third had, at first, to make use of his knowledge in humble situations. He worked in a chemical factory for a time, and then became a printer. And it can truly be said that François Buloz knew how to make the most of all the experiences of his life. The degree of excellence he attained as a proof-reader counted for much in the skilful management he was able to give the "Revue" later on. Never was there a more vigilantly careful reader; never did severe clear-sightedness, permitting no imperfection whatsoever to escape it, manifest itself in so extraordinary a measure; and these master qualities were acquired during his early "hard times" as a workman. Buloz did not know what it was to do anything by halves, and, in his opinion, nothing was insignificant if perfectly well done. How many times we have heard him say: "It is better to have made a faultless shoe than a poor statue."

In the beginning of 1831, a printer by the name of Auffray took this resolute and industrious young man as his partner in the management of a magazine called "The Traveler's Journal." On its cover there was a figure of America, in wampum belt and moccasins, offering the traditional olive-branch to a more fully draped Europe. This was the germ of the "Revue des Deux Mondes." It had so few subscribers, and its condition was so precarious, that the new manager's salary was only 1,200 francs ($240) a year. In addition to this, he was to receive two francs (forty cents) for each new subscription. When one thinks of the number of subscribers to the "Revue des Deux Mondes" at its apogee, and of its shares at 90,000 francs apiece, one marvels at the ground it has covered.

It is true that not even the vigorous quality of Buloz's character, nor his naturally keen scent for going straight towards talent and extracting all that it could possibly give, would have sufficed to bring about such a miracle. Most fortunate circumstances came to aid him. Never did genius flourish in such varied forms, at any one time, as during the period between 1830 and 1848; and whether they were rich or poor, the writers of that epoch wrote first and foremost for the sheer delight of writing.

Henri Blaze de Bury, Buloz's brother-in-law, who joined the newly formed staff of the "Revue" and distinguished himself there by his brilliant versatility, used to say, and in the most charming way, too: "We wrote for glory; when it became known that a hive of ideas was being started in an obscure corner of the Faubourg St. Germain, a swarm of free and joyous talents suddenly winged their way to it, and no one stopped to inquire whether Buloz had any money or not. His first contributors only thought of launching their names in connection with higher education, politics, poetry, or the drama. Buloz fully understood that all this strength needed to be marshaled, and offered his services in the very 'nick of time.'" Let us enter in the Golden Book the names of the idealists who gave themselves so unconditionally. They were Alfred de Vigny, Jules Sandeau, Prosper Mérimée, Alfred de Musset, and George Sand.

One cannot cast one's eyes over the index of the early years of the "Revue" without being dazzled by the array of illustrious names. Chateaubriand brought fragments of his "Mémoires d'Outre-tombe;" Lamennais, "The Words of a Believer;" Michelet, some of the finest chapters of his "History of France." Catholic Montalembert stands side by side with the pantheist, Edgar Quinet; Balzac figures there with such gems as "The Message" and "The Rendezvous;" Sainte-Beuve makes a most brilliant prelude to the rich and abundant work of his later years; Villemain on the one hand, Mignet and Augustin Thierry on the other, send their admirable historical studies; Heine, the French version of his "Reisebilder;" Alexander Dumas, his amusing "Impressions of Travel," while Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Auguste Barbier, and Brizeux offered melodious or splendid verses. And as far back as 1832, let it be noted, the "Revue" took an interest in North American affairs. The philosopher Theodore Jouffroy, a member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and his colleague, Michel Chevalier, the Saint Simonian economist, were the first who wrote about America's politics, finances, and industries. Philarète Chasles dashed in next, with all the ardor of a pioneer, to discover a literature which a little later on was to inspire the much more serious work of Emile Montégut, the admirable introducer of Emerson, Longfellow, and Hawthorne.

A summary of political and diplomatic events, under the title of "Revolutions of the Fortnight," was written up to 1840 by Loève-Veimars, whose sharp pen at times alarmed such ministers as Mr. Guizot and Mr. Thiers.

Criticism, that essential branch of a review whose part it is to sift and discuss everything, was in the hands of Sainte-Beuve, St. Marc Girardin, and Gustave Planche, and the work done was of the very highest order. All foreigners know and admire the first of this trio, the author of the "Lundis" ("Monday Talks"); but many have never heard of the great learning of the second, nor of his celebrated lectures on the "History of the Drama," delivered at the Sorbonne. As for the third, his name seems to be hardly known outside of France, and yet Gustave Planche has the honor of having carried the independence and integrity of his judgment to greater lengths than any one until then had dared to do. The victims of his rigor might, indeed, justly complain of a certain narrow-mindedness on his part, but they had to acknowledge, even while they suffered from his blows, that his authority

was unquestionable, his honesty incorruptible, his hand marvelously sure, and his knowledge profound. Personally, Planche was an eccentric and not very sympathetic person, for he was cynically dirty as to his clothing and too much given to writing his most distinguished articles at a café table before a glass of brandy. He was poor, but on inheriting 20,000 francs ($4,000), he spent the whole sum at once, and to the last penny, in a trip to Italy.

Buloz knew how to manage his contributors. Willy-nilly, he would, from time to time, have Planche clothed anew from top to toe; and pay Alfred de Musset's debts without saying a word about it, for the poet, while he despised "filthy lucre," was rather fond of spending money.

Buloz loved George Sand for the splendid regularity of her work, for the continued outpouring of that inexhaustible genius, which, like a stream, flowed uninterruptedly towards the "Revue." On the other hand, he highly esteemed Planche's literary honesty, and never sacrificed him to the exasperated egoism of the authors who rebelled against his criticism. This made him lose Balzac, Victor Hugo, and several other haughty contributors; not without regrets indeed, still without compromising. The blind flattery lavished inconsiderately even on the greatest, who, being but human, have their hours of weakness, was unbearable to him; the school of mutual admiration, in which it is so easy to be enrolled nowadays, made him shrug his shoulders contemptuously. He always spoke right out, and, autocratic as he may have been, allowed others around him the same privilege. The most illustrious were no more protected by their celebrity against the implacable perspicacity of his judgment than the obscurity of a beginner prevented him from carefully examining what claims he might have to be accepted. His keenest pleasure was to discover a new and talented aspirant. He has been described as a brutal "pedagogue," who loved to pick at words, and even punctuation, which, he maintained, was half one's style; but no one has sufficiently declared the value of his counsels, expressed in that surly voice of his, in which, however, so much frank good-nature could vibrate.

I was at his school, and can say that writers could learn much there. The gratitude I bear him is sincere, in spite of the persistency with which he refused my first efforts, and his over-scrupulous discussions, which, however, taught me how to work. I was quite young the first time I entered his private office in the Rue St. Benoît, a bare and severe room, looking out on a little terraced garden. I shook from head to foot with fear and respect, and still tremble a little when I recall it. He seemed a colossus to me, filling the whole room with his powerful and imperious personality. I found that his single eye, which had sufficed him to decipher so many manuscripts (often refused like mine), had an unparalleled expression of remarkable penetration. But, later on, I learned that he had uttered no idle word when he promised me that when the hour came he would be my literary sponsor, even though I should have to work hard and wait still longer. Once I was admitted to that house, so repellent of aspect, I never quitted it again. This was the general rule: one belonged to the "Revue" body and soul, and once for all.

But why speak of myself and my unimportant personality, only too glad, naturally, to accept the lessons of even a hard and exacting master, when this same "tyrant" has met so much good-tempered docility in the greatest, in George Sand and Musset? From them he had most admirable letters on subjects far more interesting to publish than the old love-letters now cast to scandal-mongers by an indiscreet press. After all, perhaps one must be a George Sand to be able to say so gaily: "Remember, I am going on to sixty, and I still have to finish my education; I really have no time to lose!" Or one must be a Musset to write, with almost child-like grace: "I am so stupid that I cannot correct my own mistakes. *Do* tell me what I ought to do!" People who were not ankle-high to either of these cried out that Buloz, by ordering and inspiring all he published, ran all the "Revue's" articles into the same mold and stamped them with his form and ideas. Not a word of this is true. He criticized of course, looked at things from the public's standpoint, and judged that, when anything shocked or seemed dull to him, it ran the risk of displeasing others too. But he took good care not to substitute himself for the writer. To assure one's self of this, it is quite enough to notice the diversity of talents and opinions which appeared, as they still appear, in the "Revue." There were, however, certain traditions with which Mr. Buloz would not allow one to break. He quarreled with George Sand herself, his pet contributor, when she wanted to force him to accept her socialis-

tic novels. Neither do I wish to deny that he has reminded prolix novices that Mérimée, who knew far more than they, could say all there was to be said on any subject whatever in thirty-two pages; nor that he used to brandish his great sword against what he called "bargain-counter" literature; that is to say, "ready-made" stuff, written "to fit all sizes." He had turned away too many people not to make himself the target of invective and calumny—and he was very proud of it!

It took ten years for the review Buloz had created to gain its political importance. From the "Globe" newspaper it inherited considerable reinforcements, among them Mr. de Rémusat, the author of celebrated studies on English statesmen; Mr. Vitet, whose vivid historical scenes have all the interest of dramas; and Mr. de Lavergne, with his beautiful work on contemporary politics, finance, colonial topics, and social and political economy. Philosophy was represented by Victor Cousin; and Littré's opinions did not frighten Buloz any more than did Renan's somewhat later. A nicely balanced system made him permit both the orthodox and free-thinkers to "speak their minds" with equal impartiality.

Those who knew Buloz best say that he never paid any attention to an author's name when reading a manuscript, nor laid any stress on letters of recommendation; on the contrary, the vigilance with which he scanned a "protected" manuscript only served to make his judgment sharper and more rigorous. A delightful novel, "Madeleine's Sin," reached him by mail, unsigned. This little adventure, wrapped in mystery, was a subject of profound joy for him. The public spoke of it a long time, and several clever women tried to make people think they had committed this lucky "sin," of which Mrs. Caro, the wife of the philosopher, was alone "guilty." She proved this by continuing to write successfully for the "Revue."

Mr. Buloz worshiped talent, no matter whence it came; and for this reason nearly one thousand names drafted from the four cardinal points of literature and politics can be found in the index of the "Revue" (a wonderful alphabetical, analytical, and geographical index, admirably arranged for hunting out all the wealth of this vast encyclopedia). If he was incapable of being complaisant, he never kept any one out by a foregone conclusion. Among the contributors to the "Revue" there have been diplomatists and ministers of every form of French government, marshals of France and princes next to publicists, poets and story-tellers side by side with bohemians like Henri Murger and poor Gérard de Nerval, the latter of whom lived without a home and ended by hanging himself in a disgusting alley.

Mr. Buloz had the following theory as to personal relations: "Frequent those who are above you, or who know more than you do, and from whom you have a chance of learning something." Hence his friendships with Count Molé and the Count of Montalivet, both government ministers, and with Mr. Thiers, whom he had opposed more than once when he was in office, while remaining much attached to him personally. When the Italian war of 1859 brought them together, he became the intimate friend of Cavour. This great statesman understood and appreciated him better, perhaps, than any one else.

It is an interesting fact that, although the "Revue" had been in existence for fifteen years and had reached the climax of its influence, it had not for all that grown materially prosperous. Having begun with 350 subscribers, it had only 2,500 in 1846, just enough to get along on. This, however, did not prevent it from being powerful.

Mr. Buloz had had several partners as business managers, among them the brothers Bonnaire. But these gentlemen wishing the "Revue" to be more ministerial and more agreeable to the government, he resolutely dissolved his connection with them, in spite of the pecuniary difficulties this involved. To meet these, he made the "Revue" a stock company, which it still is. Those who entered it did not think of gaining money by it, they merely wanted to help keep up an independent political and literary organ. In reality, it was a splendid investment. Very soon after, the Revolution of 1848 broke out, and seemed likely to prove fatal to the "Revue;" but all things, even apparently contrary events, were henceforward to contribute to its growth. The fall of Louis Philippe caused Mr. Buloz to lose the position he had held since 1838 as director of the Théâtre Français, with the title of Commissioner of the King, a position which had enabled him to favor Rachel's *début* and have Alfred de Musset's "Caprice" performed. Perhaps it was a loss for the theatre, but the "Revue" gained by it; he gave himself up to it entirely. For three years, all the efforts of the choice

staff he led tended to conjure the threats of socialism resounding from nearly every part of Europe at once. Although attached at heart to constitutional government, Buloz was not hostile in the least to the idea of republicanism; "always provided that the greatness and liberty of the country remain intact," he would say. Its *prosperity* alone was not enough for him, for he never could be hoodwinked by the promises of the Second Empire, against which he maintained an attitude of most decided opposition to the very last. This was what gave the "Revue" its greatest success. Even before the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, its subscribers had doubled; but from that date the number of its contributors was increased by all the leading men who left active political life through the course of events. The "Revue" was never more successful than under the Empire.

Forcade, who had a genius for polemics, was then writing from fortnight to fortnight the sparkling political chronicles which were looked forward to by all cultured Europe, and which even his adversaries were forced to admire. His method of working was singular. He gathered all his information, correspondence, and observations during the two weeks at his disposal; then, on the fourteenth and on the thirtieth of the month, the days preceding publication, he would appear in Mr. Buloz's office, settle himself there, and taking up his pen, never stop until his fortnightly chronicle was finished. He corrected on the proof-sheets only. Eight hours of dizzy work, preceded by a copious luncheon, sufficed him for dashing off his masterpieces covering a sheet, or sixteen pages, in small print. One day, however, extravagant phrases entangled themselves in the interesting views and the correct discussions of his manuscript, and the next day he was insane.

All of Buloz's lieutenants overworked themselves, therein following their chief's example, who, as he never measured his efforts, expected from others the same devotion to that which was more important to him than all the rest of the world put together—the "Revue." As for himself, he never took a vacation, but sought rest—and a dearly bought rest too—at his estate of Ronjoux in Savoy, where, after 1859, he went on the first and fifteenth of every month, not dreading the fatigue of the long journey, and carrying off rolls and bundles of proofs in his pockets to read out of doors. This country-seat, whence he had a magnificent view over his native mountains, was, with the "Revue," the object of his love. Here he received his friends and was always in a mood which he rarely showed in Paris, where his anxiety about the perfection of the "next number" killed all his amenity.

The opposition made to the Empire by the "Revue" was unremitting, in spite of administrative repression and all warnings and threats. At that time it was a daring thing to publish the writings of the Orleans princes under a transparent *nom de plume*, or to print Ampère's or Beulé's attacks on the imperial government. More than once Buloz expected the suppression of the "Revue," and philosophically made his preparations for exile at Brussels or Geneva. On the other hand, when great national events, such as the Crimean or Italian wars, occurred, the "Revue" gave itself up wholly to its country's glory, without a thought about its grievances against the government. The latter tried in vain to seduce or buy it. The greatest offers of money would never have made François Buloz either give up or modify the character of his creation. Under the Monarchy of 1830, the Empire, and the Republic, he never altered his attitude—that of an ardent patriot. And that patriotism never asserted itself more plainly than in 1870. Long before the war began, numerous articles, prior even to 1867, had warned French political leaders against the mistakes they were to make; but when disaster had to be faced, the "Revue" had but one aim—to prove to the enemy that intellectual France was still erect and as proud as ever. For five months it held out and remained worthy of itself in a besieged city, in the very heart of the struggle. From time to time, a number sent out by balloon told the provinces that it was still alive, that its intrepid editor had succeeded in keeping a group of writers about him, even under the fire of the enemy. When Paris capitulated, there was nothing left in the "Revue's" offices, neither paper nor type, for carrying it on.

After his campaign, which had been as arduous as that of any soldier, Mr. Buloz had gone to rest at Ronjoux, when the horrors of the Commune burst over Paris. He returned in haste to Versailles, and the publication of the "Revue" went on without interruption, thanks to the courage and presence of mind of Madame Buloz, who gathered the last contributors about her, and, as she was a woman, could go to

Paris and back unmolested. This valiant action on the part of a person who had always remained most modestly in the background, is very characteristic of the French woman, who concentrates her life within the family circle, both by habit and education, yet is capable, when the time comes, of the deepest devotion.

Towards the end of his life Mr. Buloz was somewhat influenced by the inevitable pessimism of old age. "The young men of my generation," he would say, "worked for art and the elect; those of the present day want money, no matter in what company; there is no more order, nor discipline, nor dignity, nor self-respect." He departed without having made the shadow of a concession, and after his death we saw that, in spite of his gloomy forebodings, the instrument constructed by him went on working without any signs of weakening, although deprived of the cunning hand that had set it in motion. The death of his eldest son, on whom he had relied to carry out his plans, had been a bitter and inconsolable sorrow; but a younger son took his place, and was well seconded by conscientious and talented men trained in his father's school. The serried battalion of collaborators remained almost intact, even while certain inevitable transformations were taking place. George Sand, Cherbuliez, and Octave Feuillet were followed by "up-to-date" novelists, whose modernism might perhaps have been kept in check by Mr. Buloz, Senior. But what changed more than all, was the external appearance of the "Revue," now sumptuously housed in number 15 Rue de l'Université, in a mansion built in 1788, and later inhabited by the Empress Josephine's son, Prince Eugène de Beauharnais.

When Mr. Charles Buloz's resignation in 1893 paved the way for Mr. Ferdinand Brunetière, it was well known that the new editor had long been performing the duties of the position and only needed to assume them officially. This reassured all the friends of the "Revue." The feeling has every reason for growing stronger. Neither Planche nor Sainte-Beuve ever wielded a more forceful or brilliant pen than Brunetière; while Valbert, that reincarnation of Cherbuliez, the Vicomte de Vogüé, Jules Lemaître, Pierre Loti, and others, can certainly bear comparison with any of their predecessors. The political chronicle has naturally lost a part of its importance since republican France has passed out of its period of combats, but it is none the less valuable. It continues to furnish all the elements of a very complete general history and a most useful one to consult on all the principal events of our epoch. And—what may be considered a great progress—the movement now carrying all minds towards economic questions is presenting itself in the most interesting way. A new field for study and observation has been opened. All great international questions, all sociological problems, all points relating to public works, the condition of the working classes, colonization, labor, commerce, industry, finance, are examined with renewed zeal. The documented articles of Leroy-Beaulieu, and those of the Vicomte d'Avenel on the mechanism of modern life, are eagerly read in all countries. In short, the "Revue" is paying more attention to foreigners than ever, to their literature, systems of philosophy, religious discussions, carefully studying the affinities which may draw nations closer to each other, or the progress made by them abroad. It sends out delegates in various directions.

Times have changed; Mr. Brunetière has not the same task as had François Buloz, who was obliged to curb the feverish imaginations of the romantic period. If we can no longer grow intoxicated on anything, we now are uncertain and drifting, and Mr. Brunetière's faultless logic and earnest convictions have their great usefulness, their wholesome and beneficent influence. Although his will is as strong as any man's, and he certainly cannot be accused of a lack of fixed principles, this new leader is not like the founder of the "Revue," a man of a single idea; he has all ideas, and is equal to his task; he is enterprising, hospitable to contributors of various countries, favors the development of cosmopolitan literature, is incredulous as to inveterate racial differences and most desirous of a cordial understanding and fusion among intellectual nationalities. At this very moment, by his visit to the United States, he shows his energetic desire to see and learn for himself what is going on outside of our France, who has too long thought that she was quite sufficient unto herself. We think that under the management of Mr. Brunetière the "Revue" will become a more and more powerful link between the two hemispheres, destroy many prejudices, create noble alliances, and deserve, in a higher degree even than to-day, its wide and universal title, already consecrated by so much success.

# THE VICISSITUDES OF ENGINE 107.

## A TRUE RAILROAD STORY.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer."

SOME fifteen years ago the Baldwins received an order from a Western road for two locomotives of a peculiar type. They were for a narrow-gage line which at that time connected the East and West, and by which the tourist traveled across the Rocky Mountains. They were to be compact, short, strong, and swift, capable of pulling like a mule on a heavy grade and running like a scared wolf in the valley.

At that time the factory was turning out a locomotive complete every twenty-four hours. Let us look at the workmen as they begin to erect the two "Rockaways," as they were afterwards called, probably because they rolled and rocked when running at a high rate of speed through the crooked cañons of Colorado. On the floor of the great shop are two boilers, two sets of frames, cylinders, eccentrics—in short, all the parts of a locomotive in duplicate—and from this heap the helpers bring one of each of the duplicate parts, and the machinists put them together until one locomotive is completed and rolled out to be painted. Out of what is left the second is made. There is no culling or sorting, and as the separate parts of each are made by one and the same pattern, there is no good reason why these two locomotives should not ride, run, and steam equally well. When the two were completed, painted, and numbered, they were loaded upon a standard-gage flat-car and shipped to the road for which they were built. When they arrived and had taken stalls in the roundhouse at Pueblo, they became engines 107 and 109, and attracted a great deal of attention from the enginemen of the division.

"She's a scary lookin' devil," said Baldy Hooten, as he stood in front of the 107, and she really did look a bit top-heavy with her long legs, short body, and "feet" so close together that they could almost run on one rail.

"Take her, you fellows that are lookin' for fly runs; I do' want her." And with that Baldy walked out of the roundhouse.

When the two engines had been raced around the yards a few days and "limbered up," the 109 was coupled to the Pacific express one night and introduced to the curves and corners of the Grand Cañon. The road then was not what it is now. The next time you go through there, if you sit on the rear platform, you will notice that the crumbling grade that marks the route of the old narrow-gage crosses the present standard track one hundred times in fifty miles. It was so crooked, Baldy said, that a new runner was sure, at some of the corners, to shut off for his own headlight. However, the 109 held the rail and made a good record; so good, in fact, that, notwithstanding it was Friday, the 107 was sent out on the following night. She left the house an hour before leaving time, and it was lucky she did, for she ran off the track at the water-tank, and was got back barely in time to take her train out.

"No man can call me superstitious," said the engineer. "But they ain't no sense in temptin' Providence by takin' a new engine out on a Friday."

"It'll be midnight before you reach the cañon," said the night foreman, "and there is no danger this side."

"There's danger in bed ef it's down that way," was the sullen response of the driver as he backed down and coupled to the express.

It was one of those fair, moonlight nights that make every peak and pinnacle on the mountain ranges stand out as clear and distinct against the cold sky as they do in the daytime: a moonlight that shames the headlight, and shows the twin threads of steel running away off yonder and meeting and going on together where the dark-

ness begins. Being new, with a clean boiler, the 107 steamed like a burning house, and the fireman, not being affected by the fact of its still being Friday, found time to hang out of the open window and watch the silvery ripples that were romping on the cold, white bosom of the winding river along whose banks the road lay.

Not a word had passed between the engineer and fireman since they started, and now they were swinging round the curves at a good express gait. The new engine was rocking like a light boat on a rough sea, but otherwise she was riding as easily as a coach. It was 11.50 when they passed Goodnight, and two minutes later the fireman was startled by that dreadful word which almost every fireman has heard at one time or another: "Jump!"

It is as natural for an engineer to call to his fireman to jump and save himself—for he is of no use on a locomotive about to

"A GREAT ROCK . . . CAME DOWN WITH THE SPEED OF A CANNON-BALL . . . AND STRIKING THE ROCKAWAY . . . SHOT HER INTO THE RIVER."

be wrecked—as it is for the engineer to remain at his post and die.

"Jump!" shouted the driver, and the fireman, glancing ahead, saw a confused mingling of horns, hoofs, and tails between him and the track. He jumped, and came down on a bunch of sage brush, amid a shower of steers, and saw the 107 leave the track, plow along the side of the low bank, and finally stop without turning over. The train—the engineer having set the air—stopped with all the cars, save the mail-car, still on the track.

Thus, on her first trip the 107 made a bad record and got herself talked about. Of course she was put back on the run as soon as a few slight injuries were repaired, for it was no unusual thing in those days, where the track was not fenced in, to plow up a herd of cattle on a run like this. In fact, a railroad track seems to be a favorite place for cattle to sleep and deaf people to walk. The "one-seven" went along for a week or more, and her crew had begun to think well of her, when she disgraced herself by breaking both parallel rods—those bars of steel that tie the wheels together—and with the broken ends whipped her cab into splinters before the fireman could crawl over her high boiler-head and shut her off; for the engineer had both legs broken, and from the ripped and riddled deck was unable to reach the throttle, though the fireman said he tried, standing on the two stubs of his broken legs.

When the "scary lookin' devil," as Baldy Hooten had called her, had gone to the shops and her driver to the hospital, the trainmen and enginemen began to discuss her from a superstitious standpoint. Not one railroad employee in a dozen will admit that he is the least little bit superstitious, but watch them when they see a new moon, and if nine out of every ten don't go down in their clothes and "turn over silver," it's because they are "broke;" and in the left pocket of three out of every five switchmen you meet, sandwiched in between a lead pencil and a tooth-brush, you will find the fuzzy foot of a graveyard rabbit, killed in the dark of the moon.

For the third time within three months from the day she left the Baldwin shops the 107 was limbered up and put on the regular night run from Pueblo to Leadville; and on the second trip she left the track at a switch and turned over, killed the engineer and fireman, and crippled the mail agent. The switch, upon examination, was found to be all right, and, in fact, no one seemed able to give any good reason why the engine should have left the rail; only her old driver, turning over in his little iron bed, said "Friday," and went to sleep again.

Of course the railway officers simply laughed at the foolish talk of the men about the Rockaway being "unlucky" because she went out on Friday; but when she was rebuilt she was transferred to another division and put on a less important run, with not so many people behind her.

"It's all nonsense," said McIvor, oiling the engine; "this Friday talk is child's talk;" then he stopped short, looked at the new moon, and made a wish.

"Of course it is," said Paymaster O'Connor, who, noticing McIvor's play at the moon, worked his fingers in his trousers' pocket and made riot with the silver there.

The unlucky engine was taking out the pay-train, consisting of two light cars. The first day was uneventful, but at the close of the second day, while they were rolling down the Black Cañon, trying to make Cimarron for the superintendent's special, they turned a corner and came suddenly upon a big rock in the middle of the track. McIvor made a desperate attempt to stop, but before he could do so the 107 had her belly on the boulder and hung there, her wheels still revolving as though she were trying to claw the rock to pieces.

"What is to be, will be, if it never comes to pass," said McIvor, as he climbed out of the cab. "I never did believe that I was born to be killed on an engine."

For a long time after that the 107 stood out in the field at the company's shops near Denver, where all the old relics were side-tracked, and the employees began to hope that she might be allowed to remain there. But the company, if for no other reason than to prevent the employees from becoming hopelessly superstitious, put her into the shops, rebuilt and repainted her, so that when she came out again to be limbered up she looked better than ever before. When she had "found herself" again, as Mr. Kipling would say, she was sent back to the mountain division, the scene of her last escapade. Her coming was not regarded as a joyful event by the trainmen and enginemen of the fourth division, and the division master mechanic knew it, and for some time she stood in the roundhouse, with the dust and ashes on her jacket, until her rods rusted and her bell

began to corrode. Then, for the same reason that she had been brought out of the field at Denver, she was taken from the roundhouse and put in order for the road.

One of the regular engines on what, in the early days, had been called "The Death Run" having been disabled, the Rockaway was ordered out in her place. While every man on the road dreaded her and hated the sight of her, there was not one among them who would shun the responsibility of handling her if it fell to him; so when Engineer Ryan and Fireman North were called to take the night run with the 107 they made nothing of it, but signed the book, said good-by to their families, and went away. It may be that each lingered at the door a little longer than usual and took an extra kiss or two from his wife and little ones, but that was all. They did not mention the fact to their wives that the engine on the call-book was the fatal 107. To do that would have been to increase the anxiety of the women folks without diminishing the danger of the trip.

Ryan, though usually cheerful and entertaining with his delightfully musical Irish accent, was silent as he went about oiling and inspecting the machinery, and "Noah," as North was called, looked like a man going to his own funeral.

The train came in on time, drawn by the 109, and 109 stood with calm dignity on the siding while her wild, wayward, and disreputable sister, all gaudy in her new paint, with clanging bell and blowing steam, with polished headlight and new flags fluttering at her shoulders, glided backward, like a gay girl on roller skates, to take her place. She had a helper up the hill, one of those heavy mountain-climbers, and when they came to the steep grade, and the powerful mogul with steady step marked perfect time, the Rockaway chafed and fretted like a spoiled colt. At every curve her feet would fly from under her, and her wheels go round so fast that it seemed she would strip herself; and when the driver shut off and dropped sand to allow her to get her footing again, she blew off steam and wasted the water which is so precious on a heavy grade. Between stations she would foam and throw water out of her stack, and when shut off show dry blue steam in her gages; so, when they stopped, the driver had to hold her on the center, with her valves closed and throttle wide open, for that keeps the boiler strained and holds the water up over the flues and crown-sheet. In good time the mogul dragged her and her train to the top of the mountain, 10,050 feet above the sea, and left her to fall down the western slope.

Ryan smiled at "Noah," and "Noah" smiled back over the boiler-head, as they whistled for Gunnison. But their smiles soon changed to sadness, for the dispatcher came out with an order for them to continue over another division. This took them through the Black Cañon, which was then to trainmen what the Black Sea is to sailors. A new road in a mountain country is always dangerous until the scenery gets settled, and the loosened rocks roll down, and the cuts are properly sloped; and this piece of track through the Black Cañon was then especially so, though not now.

They were nearing the place where McIvor had found the rock. The night was clear, the rail good, the grade easy, and they were turning the curves gracefully, while now and then the steam—for she was always hot—escaping from the dome of the Rockaway, screamed in the cañon and startled a lion, or caused a band of elk or deer to scamper away up a side cañon.

An excursion party, in heavy wraps, sat in an open observation car at the rear of the train, viewing the wonderful scenery, made weird by the stillness of the night. How wild the walls looked with their white faces where the moonlight fell and dark recesses where the shadows were. To the right, beyond the river, the falls of Chipeta leaped from the rocks 500 feet above the road-bed and tumbled into the water below; while to the left Curicanti's needle stood up among the stars.

It was not the time of year for rocks to fall, for rocks only fall in the spring, and this was summer; but the unexpected is hardest to avoid, and now, for some unaccountable reason, a great rock, whose wake was afterwards followed for more than a mile up the mountain, came down with the speed of a cannon-ball, and striking the Rockaway just forward of the air-pump, cut her clear from her tank, and shot her into the river with poor "Noah" North underneath her. The swift current brought the lucky Irishman out of the cab, however, and at the next bend of the river threw him out on a rock. The parting of the air-hose set the automatic brakes, which, as the train was on a down grade, were already applied lightly, and, the track being uninjured, the train stopped before the second car had passed the

point where the engine left the rail. The murderous rock, standing in the middle of the deep stream, showed still three or four feet above the surface of the river.

The road-master, another Irishman, whose name, I think, was Hickey, came from the smoking-car, took in the situation at a glance, and being used to such wrecks, ran along the bank below to be at hand if either of the enginemen came to the surface. Finding Ryan, dazed and dripping, seated upon a rock, he caught him in his arms and asked: "Tom, are yez hurted?"

Tom, upon hearing the voice of his friend, realized that he was really alive, and said, coolly, "Hurted? Now why should I be hurted?"

"That's so," said Hickey, whose wit was as handy as was that of his friend, "that's so; I wonder yez got wetted."

They worked for two days and nights before the Rockaway could be lifted. Then she came up slowly, and "Noah's" body floated to the surface and was taken back to Salida and buried. While the railroad company was in no way responsible for the accident, it gave Mrs. North $500 to start her in business for herself.

The 107 was not rebuilt for a long time, and was never again employed in passenger service. The foreman in one of the repair shops wrote to Philadelphia and learned that the 109 was completed on Thursday and the 107 on Friday. And now, a dozen years after the incidents related here, which are those only that the writer remembers, the tank and cylinders of the 107 are rusting in the scrap heap at Salida, while her boiler, stripped of its bright jacket, is made to boil water for a pump at Roubideau. But every Thursday night, at midnight, the fire is drawn, on Friday the boiler is washed out, and at midnight she is fired up again.

# GRANT'S FIRST GREAT WORK IN THE WAR.*

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

GRANT AT CAIRO.—THE QUICK CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY AND FORT DONELSON.—GRANT'S RELIEF FROM COMMAND IN THE HOUR OF HIS TRIUMPH.—PITTSBURG LANDING.—PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF GRANT.

AFTER tendering his services for the defence of the Union unavailingly to the general government and four States, Grant at last found employment as colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois volunteers, by the appointment of Governor Yates. He immediately showed a rare capacity, and thereafter his rise was rapid. In less than two months, on August 7, 1861, President Lincoln promoted him to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers, the commission dating back to May 17th. He had already, under the rank of colonel, risen to the command of a subdistrict in Missouri. Within twenty days, by order of General Frémont, then in command of the Western Department, he was given the command of all the troops of southeastern Missouri and southern Illinois, with headquarters at Cairo.

His headquarters consisted of a suite of rooms in a business block a short distance up the levee, with windows fronting on the wide river. There he spent his quiet hours smoking his long pipe and gazing abstractedly out upon the water, with a map on his knees, planning movements to open the Mississippi River. He was a great student of maps, and they formed a large part of his wall decorations. "He had not a single trained soldier or officer of the regular army under his command. Officers and men alike required instruction. He was busy from morning till night—and frequently from night till morning writing orders, endorsing papers, and doing other work that fell to him."

The second day after he had established himself at Cairo, a scout came in and reported a force of Confederates mov-

* This series of papers will conclude in the July number with a paper on Grant in the Vicksburg campaign, where his military genius came to its full maturity and recognition. The aim here has necessarily been only to indicate the general course of Grant's progress as a great commander, and give some close glimpses of his character and personality at the important points in it. A detailed history of movements and battles would not have been practicable, though it will be so in the book form which the papers are ultimately to take.

ing northward to take Paducah, which was at the mouth of the Tennessee River, in Kentucky, only a short distance above Cairo. It was the gate to a great waterway, and Grant perceived at once the importance of possessing it. He telegraphed to Frémont for permission to take it. He received no reply, but, nevertheless, began to arrange for the movement. He telegraphed again later in the day, with all preparations made, saying, "Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I shall move on Paducah to-night." About 10:30 at night, having still had no word from Frémont, he said to his staff: "I will take Paducah if I lose my commission by it."

He took possession of the town early the next morning, without firing a gun. A force of the enemy, estimated at four thousand strong, was actually on the way, and within three hours' march of the place, when Grant's troops entered. They turned back at the news of Grant's approach, and Paducah was saved to the Union.

Grant returned to Cairo, leaving only a garrison at Paducah. His troops were eager to fight. Some of the officers were afraid the war would be over before they could distinguish themselves sufficiently to go to Congress on the strength of their military careers. They all remembered Jackson and Harrison and Taylor, and they desired to make war a means to political glory. The general was also quite ready to fight, and the chance came early in November. Frémont, in taking the field against Price in Missouri, felt it necessary to have Grant make a diversion to keep General Polk, who was at Columbus, Kentucky, from sending reinforcements to Price. This movement resulted in the battle of Belmont, which was successful from Grant's point of view, as it prevented Polk from reinforcing Price.

Returning to Cairo, Grant set himself to drilling and provisioning and otherwise preparing his army for further active service. He was eager to push on to the South. He wished to get possession of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers before the enemy had time to reinforce and fortify. He appealed to General Halleck, who had now succeeded General Frémont in command of the Western Department, to be at once allowed to advance on forts Henry and Donelson, the fortifications which commanded these rivers. But General Halleck did not reply, and little was done during December but prepare.

On January 6th Grant went to St. Louis to see General Halleck in person. His trip was in a sense a failure. Halleck cut him short in the explanation of his plans and gave him no encouragement. Grant felt this deeply, for, though an undemonstrative man, he was, in fact, of a keen sensibility. But he was not a man to allow pique to stand in the way of a great enterprise. On his return to Cairo he laid the matter before Commodore Foote, who was in command of the flotilla of newly-finished gunboats then lying at Cairo. The commodore was much impressed both with Grant and his plans, and joined him in a new request to General Halleck for permission to make a joint attack on Fort Henry. At last Halleck consented. Immediately upon receiving the word, Grant began to move. On February 5th, he advanced against the fort; it capitulated on the 6th. He telegraphed to Halleck, "Fort Henry is ours. The gunboats silenced the batteries before the investment was completed;" and then, with a spirit which had not before appeared in the Northern army, he added: "I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th and return to Fort Henry."

But in place of a swift advance, which Grant had hoped to make across the twelve miles of land between the two rivers and forts, a period of annoying delay intervened, accompanied by much suffering on the part of the troops. Violent storms arose. Grant was in an agony of impatience, but nothing could be done but wait. The roads were swimming in water; "the infantry could hardly march, and to move artillery was impossible." He had only about 15,000 men, and had orders from General Halleck to hold Fort Henry and to intrench, though he felt that "15,000 men were worth more on the 12th than 50,000 men a little later."

At last he moved out of Fort Henry, calm and resolute, although he was approaching a battle before which all his Mexican campaigns and experiences were insignificant. Fort Henry had been a gunboat victory; but now his little army was marching against 21,000 men strongly intrenched. The unavoidable delay had allowed the enemy to reinforce by boat from Nashville.

When Grant invested Fort Donelson he had only General McClernand and General C. F. Smith with him—in all about 15,000 men. Commodore Foote had not arrived; nor General Lew Wallace, who was on the road with reinforcements. But Grant did not hesitate to assume the responsibility of besieging 21,000 Confederates strongly

intrenched. Gideon Pillow, the senior in command of the fort, was a Mexican War veteran, and Grant was aware of his constitutional timidity and counted upon it.

At the very time the army was closing relentlessly around Donelson under Grant's leadership, General Halleck telegraphed to Grant to "strengthen the land side of Fort Henry and transfer guns to resist a land attack." On the 13th there was some fighting as the besieging army moved into new and stronger positions, but the night was more terrible than the battle upon the troops. They were ordered to sleep upon their arms and without campfires. Sleet fell, and it grew bitterly cold toward morning. Grant was quartered in a farm-house at the left. He slept little, being apprehensive of an early attack, before reinforcements could arrive.

### THE CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

During the night Commodore Foote's fleet steamed up, and General Lew Wallace came marching in from Fort Henry, and took position between Smith and McClernand, thus completing a semi-circular line from the river below to the bank above the fort. Grant was now confident. He ordered an attack from the gunboats while the army held the enemy within the lines, his hope being to capture the entire Confederate force. The gunboats failed to get above the batteries, however, and were forced to fall back disabled. On the night of the 14th Grant telegraphed to General Cullum, General Halleck's chief-of-staff, at Cairo, "Appearances indicate now that we will have a protracted siege."

It was well that the army did not know his thought, for the storm continued, and they were not merely cold, but hungry as well. They bore it all with such cheer as a freezing and starving soldier can muster to his comfort.

Before daylight on the 15th, Grant received a note from Commodore Foote, in command of the flotilla, asking him to come to the flag-ship, as he was too much injured to leave the boat. Grant at once mounted and rode away. The roads were very bad, and he could not move out of a walk. "He came on the boat with old hat battered, the muddiest man in the army. He was chewing a cigar, and was perfectly cool and self-possessed." He found the commodore and his boats about equally disabled. After a conference, Grant gave the commodore leave to retire, and started upon his return to the front.

On his way he met an aide white with alarm and excitement. The enemy had made a fierce attack on the forces of McClernand. Grant set spurs to his horse, and left the aide far behind. He came upon the scene of action, his old "clay-bank" spattering the yellow mud in every direction—a most welcome figure. There was need of him. He rode rapidly along the lines. He saw no dismay in Smith's division; it was intact and eager for battle. Wallace's lines were in order. But McClernand on the right had sustained a heavy attack and was still threatened, and the brave but inexperienced commander was in consultation with General Wallace and asking for reinforcements. As Grant rode along he saw the men standing in knots talking in a most excited manner. "The soldiers had their muskets but no ammunition, while there were tons of it near at hand." They were disturbed and apprehensive: just at a point where retreat, even rout, was possible.

The general heard one discouraged man say, "Why, they have come out to fight all day; they have got their knapsacks full of grub." "Is that true?" said Grant. "Bring me one." He opened two or three, and found three days' rations in each. His trained eye read in all this a different story. He turned and said, "They are attempting to force their way out; the one who attacks first now will be victorious." Then to McClernand and Wallace he added, "Gentlemen, the position on our right must be retaken. I shall order an immediate assault on the left; be ready to advance at the sound of Smith's guns."

As he rode down the line his aide, at his direction, called out:

"Fill your cartridge boxes quick, and get into line! The enemy is trying to escape and must not be permitted to do so."

At once the Union forces lined up, responsive to the power of unhesitating leadership. The commander rode rapidly to the left, arranging a grand assault. He came upon General Smith standing with his troops in order, ready to advance. "General," said Grant, "the enemy has tried to force his way out on our right. I think you had better attack soon. He has undoubtedly weakened the line before you."

"Very well, sir," replied Smith, "I am ready to move at any time." Grant turned and rode toward the center again.

The assault became general all along the line, and the enemy was driven back. The conditions of the morning were restored, the enemy was again shut in, and night fell once more upon the Union forces, unsheltered and hungry, but as confident now of victory as their imperturbable commander.

On the night of the 15th, within the fort, the three Confederate generals, Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner, held an acrimonious council. General Floyd, who had but recently assumed command, begged leave to turn the command over to General Pillow, but Pillow declined it. Both were quite willing that General Buckner should take the command, and proceed as he thought best. General Buckner did not anticipate hanging, provided he surrendered, and was unwilling to shed the blood of his soldiers needlessly. He regarded the situation as one warranting surrender. He accepted the command, and sat down to write a letter to Grant. General Pillow begged to know if he were privileged to depart.

"Yes; provided you go before the terms of capitulation are agreed upon," was Buckner's curt reply.

Floyd seized two steamers and escaped with about 3,000 men. Pillow fled in a flat-boat, while Forrest, afterward a most redoubtable leader of cavalry, forded the river and got away with a regiment of horse.

General Buckner sturdily held his ground, but sent a messenger to sue for terms. Grant replied in the simplest and most direct manner: "No terms except immediate and unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works."

Buckner grumbled at these "unchivalrous terms," but yielded, and when he met Grant within the defenses, he said, with a bow and smile, "General, as they say in Mexico, this house and all it contains is yours."

Grant said, "I thought Pillow was in command."

"He was," replied Buckner.

"Where is he now?"

"Gone."

"Why did he go?"

"Well, he thought you'd rather get hold of him than any other man in the Southern Confederacy."

"Oh!" said Grant quickly, with a smile, "if I'd got him I'd let him go again. He would do us more good commanding you fellows." *

* From an interview with General Buckner himself, held expressly for McClure's Magazine.

General Buckner was the Captain Buckner who had come to Grant's relief so handsomely in New York in 1854, when Grant, having resigned from the army on the Pacific Slope, landed from his ship penniless and forlorn. Grant recalled the generous action, and while he did not allow his gratitude to interfere with his duty, yet, when the details of the surrender were finally arranged, he placed his private purse at General Buckner's disposal. "Our relations continued amicable to the last," says General Buckner. "He did everything he could to make us comfortable. He was a humane and magnanimous conqueror."

### GRANT DEPRIVED OF HIS COMMAND.

With pardonable pride and with something more than his usual expression of emotion, Grant issued a congratulatory order to his troops, and sent a despatch of mathematical brevity to General Halleck announcing his capture of Fort Donelson. He then sat down to plan an immediate advance on Nashville, which was uncovered by the fall of Donelson. On the night of February 20th he was in counsel with Commodore Foote, with the plan fully matured to move upon Nashville the next day, when a telegram from General Halleck arrived, forbidding the gunboats to move above Clarksville. Grant read the message in silence, and passed it to Commodore Foote. Foote said, "Well, that ends our movement."

Being anxious, however, to know what had happened at Nashville, Grant proceeded thither himself in a single transport, to meet and confer with General Buell. He considered this entirely within his province. General McClellan had been asking General Halleck for returns of his troops, and Halleck in turn began at this time to call on Grant for records of the troops at Fort Donelson. He telegraphed several days without receiving an answer. Grant, upon his return from Nashville some days later, found this telegram from Halleck awaiting him: "You will place General C. F. Smith in command of expedition, and remain yourself at Fort Henry. Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and positions of your command?"

It was a most painful situation for Grant. Soon he saw the great army which he had lately led to victory marching away up the river toward the enemy, with another man in command. "I called to see him at Fort

Henry," says General John M. Thayer,* "and I shall never forget the expression of deep sadness on his face. The army he had organized and led so splendidly was passing out of his hands. He alluded to his position; then took from his pocket Halleck's curt despatch. As I looked up from reading it I saw the tears on his face. He said mournfully, 'I don't know what they mean to do with me.' Then he added, with a sad cadence in his voice, 'What command have I now?'"

In the course of a few days, however, the entanglement got straightened out, and Grant at once took passage up the river to join his army. He made his headquarters at Savannah, a few miles below the place where the army had been disposed by General Smith. Pittsburg Landing was merely the terminus of a road at a wharf at which steamers could land. The road, an ordinary dirt road, came down a ravine and made a turning before the landing. Two or three log huts made up the settlement. The army was debarked on the southwest side of the river at this point, because of the nearness to Corinth, where the Confederate forces were again assembling. Grant had such loyal regard for General Smith's ability, that he made no great change in the disposition of the forces; they were, in fact, in a fairly strong position. There was a deep creek on either hand, and the river at the back. Attack was possible only from the front. Sherman was in advance.

Delay was dangerous, and Grant's disposition was to act; but under General Halleck's orders, he awaited reinforcements from General Buell, who commanded the Army of the Ohio. Meanwhile, the Confederate general, Albert Sidney Johnston, a brilliant and powerful leader, hurried his ranks together, and pushed forward to crush the Union army before Buell's troops could arrive. It was a bold and soldierly movement, and was not expected by the people of the North. Yet every indication of a great battle was in the reports between Grant, Halleck, and Sherman. Halleck had ordered Buell to join Grant, and he was on the road and his advance guard was expected any hour.

### THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

On the 5th of April Grant received word from Sherman at the front, "All is quiet along my lines now. . . . The enemy has cavalry on our front, and I think there are two regiments of infantry and one battery of artillery about two miles out." Later, the same day, Sherman wrote to him further, "I have no doubt nothing will occur to-day more than some picket firing. The enemy is saucy, but got the worst of it yesterday, and will not press our pickets far. I will not be drawn out far unless with certainty of advantage, and I do not apprehend anything like an attack on our position." Yet at the time Sherman was writing these assuring notes, the entire Confederate army was encamped but a short distance away, ready to attack in force.

It was an ominous night, that of April 5th, dark, foggy, and windless. Grant was in great pain from an injured ankle. His horse, during a trip to the front, on the evening of the 4th, had slipped on a smooth log, and in falling had crushed the ankle. His boot had to be cut from his foot, so terribly had the ankle swollen, and he could not walk without crutches. He was early astir on the morning of the 6th. It was a Sunday morning, and nature was tuned to nothing harsher than the songs of the birds and the ringing of church bells. The sun rose warm, but veiled in fog. While the general was at breakfast, however, through the soft, damp, fragrant air came a faint, far-off jarring sound. It was the noise of cannon. The battle was on. He wrote a quick note to General Buell: "Heavy firing is heard up the river, indicating plainly that an attack has been made upon our most advanced positions. I have been looking for this, but did not believe it would be made before Monday or Tuesday. This necessitates my joining the forces up the river instead of meeting you to-day as I had contemplated. I have directed General Nelson to move to the river with his division. He can march to opposite Pittsburg." Then he hobbled painfully to a boat, and started up the river.

At Crump's Landing, about half-way up the river to Pittsburg Landing, General Lew Wallace was stationed. To him Grant said in passing: "General, have your men ready to march at a moment's notice."

"They are all under arms," replied Wallace.

When the boat neared Pittsburg Landing, Grant, leaning on his chief-of-staff, hobbled to the side of his horse, and swung into the saddle, regardless of pain.

* From an interview held expressly for McClure's Magazine. General Thayer, afterwards governor of Nebraska and representative of that State in the United States Senate, was an intimate friend of Grant's throughout the war and after.

The moment the gang-plank fell, he was ashore. He rode at once to Sherman's lines. He found Sherman wounded, but calm and alert.

"How is it with you?" asked Grant.

"We've about held our own," replied Sherman, "but it has been a heavy attack."

"Things don't look so well on our left. I have left orders at Crump's Landing for Wallace's division to come up on your left. Look out for him."

All day Grant rode along the lines, exposing himself at times recklessly, encouraging his subordinates by promise of reinforcements, reforming stragglers, and giving helpful advice as well as definite orders. Something great and admirable came out in his character. His coolness, his alertness, his perfect clarity of vision under the appalling strain, evidenced the great commander of men. One of his old friends, who met him about 2 o'clock, says of his appearance at this time, "His face showed anxiety; I had never seen him look that way before." The Confederate forces outnumbered the Union forces till Wallace arrived, which was too late in the day for him to take any part in the battle. Buell also arrived too late for any share in the work of the day. To him, indeed, at his arrival, all seemed lost, but Grant said simply: "I have not despaired of whipping them yet."

As night came on, the Union line, crushed back close to the river, lay down in the rain and waited for the dawn, the men sleeping on their arms. Grant, though suffering great pain from his ankle, and worn with the work of the day, gave no thought to his own rest or comfort. The reforming of commands and the posting of the newly-arrived forces of Wallace and Buell continued all night. "Grant visited each division commander, including Nelson, after dark, directing the new position of each, and repeating in person the orders for an advance at early dawn. 'Attack with a heavy skirmish line as soon as it's light enough to see, then follow up with your entire command, leaving no reserves.'"

About midnight he returned to the landing, and lay down on the ground with his head against a tree. Toward morning, becoming chilled, he moved to the porch of one of the log huts, and tried to rest there. But the hut was filled with wounded men, and their moans and cries of anguish were unendurable, and drove him back to the shelter of his tree. It was a long, long night. Before daylight (Monday, April 7th) he was again lifted into his saddle, lame, worn, and covered with mud. As he rode along the line, he said to his aide, "See that every division moves up to the attack; press the enemy hard the minute it is light enough to see."

Conditions had changed; Grant was now the aggressor. Buell and Wallace had given the Union forces preponderance; the stragglers reformed, and moved with the confidence which reinforcements give. But the Confederates withstood the attack with marvelous skill and bravery. At last, late in the afternoon, however, their guns on the left became silent. On the right the battle still continued in intermittent ferocity. Moments of comparative silence began to intervene like lulls in a gale—followed by volley after volley of musketry, until the guns grew hot and the gunners weary. Each returning wave of sullen savagery seemed weaker, and the firing became fainter and fainter, and, finally, almost died away. Grant sat on his clay-colored war horse, surrounded by his staff, looking intently in the direction of the firing. As the firing became thus intermittent, his face lighted up. The enemy was preparing to retreat! Now was the moment for a final charge. Gathering up two or three fragments of regiments, Grant led them in person against the enemy's last stand. The line broke, the gray-coated men fled. The field of Shiloh had taken its place in history as one of the great battlefields of the human race.

The battle of Shiloh showed Ulysses Grant to be a commander of a new type. His personal habits in conflict were now apparent to all his staff. He did not shout, vituperate, or rush aimlessly to and fro; he had no vindictiveness. His anxiety and intensity of mental action never passed beyond his perfect control. He fought best and thought best when pushed hard. No noise or confusion of line, no delay or mistake of commanders, no physical pain could weaken or affright him. A man of singular humanity, he still had the faculty of conceiving a body of soldiers in the mass. Considerate of individuals in private life to an uncommon degree, he was able in battle to regard a regiment as simply an implement, a hammer for breaking down a wall. He looked beyond the death of a thousand men to the good to spring from their blood. Without this dual constitution of mind no general can become a commander of the highest class.

# AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

By Belle Moses.

"WELL, if that chap isn't in a swearin' humor, I never seen one"—and John's laugh sounded distinctly triumphant as he took his seat beside Jerry on the box.

The individual addressed said nothing, but turned a contemptuous glance towards the slender footman on his left, as he gathered up the reins. The spirited horses needed no touch of the whip; they drew the carriage rapidly along the silent streets. The night was bitterly cold, but they were blooded animals and there was fire in their veins. Jerry had them under firm control, however. He sat erect, looking neither to one side nor the other, the collar of his sable cape drawn high up over his ears, entirely hiding his face in its impenetrable gloom.

John grew restive under the silence, which, added to the cold, was unbearable. The murmur of voices coming from the interior of the carriage provoked him once more to speech.

"Listen to that, now. They're havin' it hot, I can tell yer—that ain't billin' an' cooin'. You couldn't hide the pepper an' vinegar in there!"

John jerked his finger backward and downward in his most expressive manner. "No—not if you was ter swamp it in molasses."

Without relaxing his hold on the reins, Jerry turned his head towards his companion.

"Shut up!" he commanded, and there was something in the strong, smooth-shaven face which compelled obedience.

The younger man subsided at once, but it was clear that he still held to his own opinion, for he smiled significantly once or twice as an occasional angry tone was wafted from below. He folded his arms across his slight expanse of chest and cocked his head on one side, waiting for Jerry to speak. He was a smart lad in a small way, and knew the weaknesses of his superior. He was sure Jerry's tongue would wag before the journey's end, if only in defense of the couple inside, and John was not mistaken. He presently came out of his collar and began to talk in an admonishing though conciliatory manner. "If I was in your place, young one," he said, breaking a long pause, "I would be careful about meddling with other people's concerns. I'd like to know what difference it could make to you if Mr. and Mrs. Arnold had high words every night of their lives—which they don't. They get along as well as any young married folks, and better than most. Why, man, I've drove for Mr. Carpenter—that's Miss Ethel's—Mrs. Arnold's father—ever since I was a chap your size, and I've drove the three young ladies in turn, first to the church and then for a whole year after they were married, and this I tell you is the finest pair of them all."

"You're right about that," owned John; "it isn't the lookin', it's the actin' that gets me."

"You've always got your ears cocked. What did you hear to-night?" asked Jerry, hiding beneath his severe aspect a very natural curiosity mingled with a great deal of family pride, on the alert to resent anything that looked like impertinence on John's part. Jerry was a very stanch supporter of the family dignity.

"I heard and seen, both," asserted John, quite willing to be drawn out. "I was standin' on the sidewalk holdin' the carriage door open when they come down the steps. Mr. Arnold was a-mutterin' to himself kinder, with a black scowl on his face, an' the mistress, she said something very low, an' he answered, mad as thunder, 'Be silent!' just like one of them fellers on the stage, an' she turned as white as chalk. They both got into the carriage an' he slammed the door—you heard him, didn't you? Well, I don't call that real lovin'."

"Humph!" said Jerry, "you don't know a thing about it. I just listened for some such tale as that. Johnny, you must never judge by outside appearances; those two don't take on much in public."

"Don't they?" sneered John, derisively. "They took on loud enough for all the cabbies to hear and grin to theirselves. You mark my words, Jerry, that this couple inside ain't goin' to live together in peace an' harmony for long. Hark to that now! What would you call it?"

Both were silent. Each was straining his ears to catch the stifled sounds from the carriage. It was a woman's distressed weeping, broken by sobs which no one could mistake.

Jerry's rugged face grew a trifle pale. He set his teeth and laid his whip with unintentional force across the unoffending backs of the two horses. They started forward with an energy which it took some minutes to subdue, at the end of which time he was able to speak quite naturally.

"I didn't hear anything so wonderful. I don't never set myself to listen and spy on people like you do. If you'd been born deaf, Johnny—you'd have filled your place better."

"You know she's cryin' hard—you're just puttin' me off."

"Well, suppose she is," admitted Jerry—not seeing well how he could dispute this fact. "If you weren't a fool—which I can't help it if you are, John—you'd understand people cry for a lot of things—sometimes for just nothing at all—just as the notion takes 'em. You couldn't tell by that if they're mad or glad."

"Maybe so—maybe so—but that there weepin' don't sound joyful, I tell you what, Jerry."

But Jerry was not listening; he had graver things to consider than a matter of argument with this young jackanapes. The sounds inside were very disquieting—Jerry had heard them several times before, but somehow they had never struck upon his ear so ominously as now.

His heart was suddenly oppressed with a strange foreboding—what if John were right, after all? Suppose there was an end to peace and harmony between those two for whom he—Jerry—felt in some odd way responsible! Had he not openly sanctioned the marriage by assuming a public rôle at the wedding festivities, and would he not virtually hold the reins for the youthful pair for the allotted year and a day? How could he face the servants' inquiring glances, if things went wrong, or prevent John from seeing the jagged ends of disagreement that were forever showing themselves under the footman's inquisitive nose? And, pray, what right had John to be inquisitive? He wasn't paid for anything but to sit up there beside him with his arms folded and his mouth shut, and to make himself useful when he was wanted. It was none of his business how the young couple were getting along—least of all to let his gossiping tongue wag for lack of something else to do.

Jerry would have liked to turn upon his box there and then, and shake the lad soundly for daring to venture an opinion concerning his betters; he should be taught his place, and there was no time like the present; but prudence was a wholesome element in Jerry's nature, and he argued that such a betrayal of his indignation would only give John's chatter a sharper edge. A wiser plan would be to divert his attention as much as possible during the remainder of their long drive, though how to do this effectively was a difficult problem, for angry words in the master's deep voice came to them distinctly—words which carried their weight and sting, and could not be misunderstood.

John glanced furtively at his superior, but no movement showed the trend of Jerry's thoughts. It was pretty poor work to sit and hug oneself in silence with not even the usual threadbare conversation to beguile the way, and there was that devil of a row going on below that made his blood tingle. What was he sparring at her for, anyway?

"Oh, Winston, dearest, don't say that!"

The sweet voice rose for an instant to the height of entreaty, but was soon lost in choking sobs. The sound passed through Jerry like an electric current. He faced about suddenly and looked at his companion.

"Well, did you hear that now?" There was a jovial ring in his voice which might have deceived a less astute person than the youthful John. "If that don't sound for all the world like when they were little sweethearts together! They always had it out like that, and made it all up after. That's just the way Miss Ethel—that's Mrs. Arnold—always did call out; it carries me way back, it seems like yesterday."

"Yes, just like yesterday and the day before," remarked John. "It's been goin' on nigh to a week, I guess."

Jerry smothered a sharp reply and went on talking for talk's sake. "Mr. Winston was the likeliest boy you ever did see, and always dead set on Miss Ethel; for all they used to have their little spats

"THERE WAS NO TALKING, ONLY A SMOTHERED SOB NOW AND THEN."

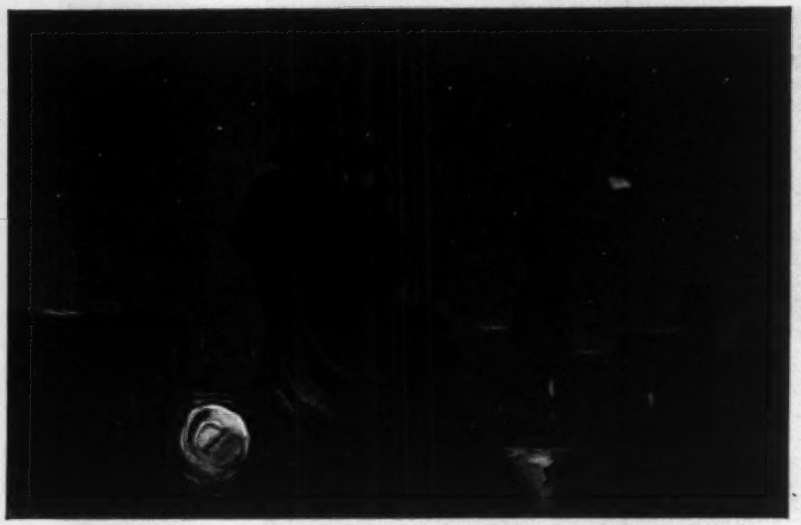
pretty regular. Mr. Winston never could bear for any young fellow to look at Miss Ethel, he'd get that jealous."

"Humph!" said John, "I guess that's what's up now; he'd like to stick her into a corner at all them parties they go to and charge ten cents a look, and she's kickin' agin the traces—she ain't made of sawdust, I'll bet."

Jerry compressed his lips. John's language showed only too plainly his stable origin, but he felt that it was his duty to keep the conversational ball rolling as pleasantly as possible, in order to drown the discord which occasionally rang out on the still, frosty air.

"Yes, Miss Ethel bein' the youngest, was terrible spoiled when she was little; she always liked to have her way, which was natural for a baby like her, but, then, Mr. Winston was always hot and fiery, from the time he was a small chap; they're about even matched, I guess. That ain't a real quarrel—don't you believe it. You don't know women, John—they take on right frequent; it's their habit. She an' him will make it up before we get home."

"Humph!" grunted John, the unbelieving; "that there quarrelin' ain't the patch-up kind—don't you believe it. I'll wager you five to one them two parts company this night. You ain't never goin' to convince me, Jerry, that there's a pair of turtle doves in this carriage. These fine folks don't fight fair, anyhow. Why in thunder don't he light out with his fist an' hit her straight between the eyes? That's



"JERRY TURNED HIS HEAD TOWARDS HIS COMPANION."

the way our sort patch up their rows—only the patchin' comes after."

Jerry winced and set his teeth hard as John pointed out this gruesome path to peace. It was high time, he thought, to turn the discourse into pleasanter channels; but how could this be done when open war was being waged within earshot, and the family honor and dignity compromised before this fledgling of a footman? His young master's high-pitched, excited voice betrayed utter forgetfulness of time and place, and there was no way to warn him.

With the energy of despair, Jerry once more used the whip. Once more the horses sprang forward, rattling at a brisk pace through the quiet streets. The noise of their clattering hoofs was sufficient, Jerry found, to drown the voices, so he kept the animals up to speed, the winter wind whistling around them as they cut through it. Here was a respite then, and while he handled the reins with the skill of a master, he was busy planning what to do next, to divert John's mind from the occupants of the carriage. He might lash the horses into a furious gallop, but that would incur the danger of a runaway; the horses might stumble and fall on the slippery road, and it was hard on the poor things after their good night's work. No, it was best, after all, to keep to this even ringing gait; it would give John all he could do to look after himself as they jolted over the cobble-stones, for Jerry took good care that they did jolt. The young footman's slight figure swayed and bumped incessantly against the coachman's stalwart form.

But this sort of thing could not go on forever. The horses were panting as they pulled against Jerry's restraining hold. They were reaching the outskirts of the city; the Arnolds' fine old homestead was at least a mile beyond. There were no more cobble-stones. The horses' hoofs struck soft on the country road. Jerry pulled in. There was no use going fast now. He would gain nothing by it, and John was quite breathless. He listened intently for some sound from the carriage. There was no talking, only a smothered sob now and then, that cut the faithful fellow like a knife, but the silence was grateful for all that.

The road stretched out, a long moonlit line before him, with pretty villas lying in the shadow on either hand. There was a turning somewhere in the distance which meant home, and home to Jerry's simple nature was a sacred place, the haven where quarreling and bickering dared not enter. All would be well when they reached home. At the turn of the road, then—

"Jerry, stop the carriage!" The voice was his master's; it struck him like a thunderbolt; but with his usual obedience he drew rein, sitting erect and almost passive as young Mr. Arnold sprang to the ground, slamming the carriage door behind him. His eyes were blazing with anger, his face pale with passion.

"Drive on," he said, curtly, "I'm not going home."

"Sir?" asked Jerry, upon whom the command fell like a dash of cold water, nearly taking away his breath. He knew John was listening with greedy interest, but for the life of him he could not utter another word.

"Drive on, I say," repeated the young master, imperiously, for Jerry seemed unusually slow of comprehension; it was too cold a night to bandy words.

"Without you, sir?" questioned Jerry, incredulously.

"Certainly; I am going to walk."

"It will be late when you get home, sir," said Jerry, respectfully.

"I am not going home. I shall walk back to the city."

Any other coachman would have uttered an exclamation, but this rare exception sat apparently unmoved upon his box, though perfectly aware that John's elbow was digging persistently into his side.

"It's a freezing night, sir," he began in his slow way, "and that coat of yours is only fit for the carriage. If you've left anything in the city, I'll see to it in the morning."

Young Mr. Arnold stamped his foot impatiently.

"Confound you, Jerry! Can't you do as I tell you? Drive Mrs. Arnold home directly—I'm going to tramp it—so be off!"

Jerry tightened his slack rein preparatory to a start. He glanced at John; that functionary might have been carved in wood for all the sign he gave. He stooped slightly and his searching eyes looked straight into the angry ones just below him.

"It's a pity," he said. "You'd better change your mind, sir—the weather's horrid cold—you might—"

"Well, I won't," interrupted his master, "so drive on."

"Perhaps you'd be goin' to walk as far as that little drug-store we passed a while since, sir," went on Jerry imperturbably. "It's there they keep good cigars. If you're feelin' a bit restless, you might have a smoke on your way back, and we'll wait for you at the turn of the road. I may as well give the horses a breathin' spell anyhow."

"The devil you will! You trot them straight home—do you hear?"

"Yes, sir—but"—here Jerry's prerogative of old servitude stood him in good stead—"I must wait a bit to see if you don't come—you sometimes are real changeable, Mr. Winston—Miss Ethel now will be that worrited if you should take a cold—"

Winston Arnold laughed. There was no mirth in the sound; it rang harshly out on the silent world. Then, without a word, he turned away abruptly and headed for the twinkling city in the distance.

Jerry touched his hat in his usual fashion, but the voice he sent after his master into the darkness was determined against all odds: "Remember, sir, that drug-store is on the right-hand side going back; we'll wait for you at the turn of the road." Then he touched his horses with the whip, and the carriage rolled smoothly onward.

John unbent before the wheels had made a dozen revolutions.

"Well, I never seen the beat of that fur temper," he began; "p'r'aps you'll tell me, Jerry, he was funnin'—it was the biggest bluff fur fun I ever heard on; that's all I've got to say about it."

Jerry maintained a dignified silence. He knew John's last remark was a mere figure of speech. He had evidently a great deal more to say.

"A FIGURE EMERGED FROM THE SHADOW AND HASTENED TOWARDS THE CARRIAGE."

"Humph!" went on this worldly-wise youth with a wag of his head, "I've seen his kind, many's the time—soft soap afore and brickbats after. My eye! but he was ragin' when he tramped off. Maybe you think he's comin' back—yer as innercent as the babe unborn, Jerry. Them great big fellers your size ain't much in seein' through things—p'r'aps you're goin' to stop at the cross-roads an' make a fool o' yourself, besides freezin' out the missus—"

Jerry smiled.

"Don't worry, young one; the missus won't freeze, and I guess I know the master better than you do. I'm goin' to wait. You can walk home if you want to. I ain't keepin' you." There was a twinkle in Jerry's eye. He was a man of few words, but he usually hit straight in a controversy.

John looked at his immaculate topboots, and was silent on that head.

"See here, Jerry," he said, returning once more to the charge, "I bet yer a fiver the master don't come home this night. I ain't got too much tin, but I'm that certain I don't see no risk."

"Done!" said Jerry, solemnly, and the situation in John's opinion having reached a climax, there was nothing for it but to wait results.

They drove on in reflective silence the rest of the way. It was not far to the turn of the road. When they reached this objective point Jerry headed his horses for home, but drew rein beneath some great gaunt trees.

"You'd best get down, John, and walk about a bit; it'll unstiff your joints," said Jerry, with his professional air of command, "and you may as well look in at the carriage window an' tell Mrs. Arnold that the master's just gone for a cigar an' will be back directly. An' look sharp now—don't you be mountin' this box again till you see the light of that there cigar bobbin' along the road. Mind what I tell you, Johnny," and Jerry looked very forbidding as he knitted his brows.

A grunt from John showed his distrust of the future, but he executed the orders of his superior to the very letter, and tramped up and down, beating off the cold with his wiry arms, and stamping his booted feet, striking sparks from the frozen ground.

Jerry sat immovable, looking neither to the right nor to the left. This time of waiting was a crisis in his life, and he began to question if he had been wise to stake everything, even his professional reputation, upon the wayward humor of his young master; but, then, something had to be done. He could not submit to this eternal questioning on the part of his subordinate, a mere stable lad who knew no better. Yet there was only one way to silence him, and that way this great-hearted fellow, in his simple instinct, trusted to Providence.

The cold was biting; the wind whistled fiercely through the trees. The horses pawed impatiently, while the steady tramp, tramp of the young footman never relaxed for a single moment. Jerry listened for some sound from the carriage. His keen ear could occasionally catch a long-drawn sigh, but that was all.

Suddenly there was a halt in John's rapid, measured strides. The interruption brought the blood to Jerry's heart. For the first time he looked behind him.

A shifting spark of light in the darkness told the tale. Nearer and nearer it came, dancing to the tune of a man's brisk walking.

John turned for the last time, just as a figure emerged from the shadow and hastened towards the carriage.

"All right, John," said the master, cheerily; "drive on, Jerry." He flung his cigar into the road, opened the carriage door, and sprang in.

John mounted stolidly. Jerry cracked his whip, and off they started to the music of the horse's ringing hoofs.

John kept silence until the house loomed up in front.

"I'll pay that fiver, Jerry, with my next month's wages."

Then Jerry relaxed and laid a hand on the slight shoulder.

"Oh, keep your money," he said, kindly. "I ain't for bidding on a sure thing. Only hold your tongue next time an' trust to your betters," with which sugar-coated admonition Jerry drew up in his best style before the broad carriage step of the old homestead.